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The Goose Girl

by Harold MacGrath

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CHAPTER VII.

An Elder Brother.

Grumbach was very fond of music, and in America there were never any bands except at political meetings or at the head of processions; and that wasn't the sort of music he preferred. There was nothing at the opera, so he decided to spend the earlier part of the evening in public gardens. He was lonely; he had always been lonely. Men who carry depressing secrets generally are. He searched covertly among the many face for one that was familiar, but he saw none; and he was at once glad and sorry. Yes, there was one face: the rubicund countenance of the bandmaster. It was older, more wrinkled, but it was the same. How many years had the old fellow swung the baton? At least 30 years. In his boyhood days Grumbach had put the brilliant uniform side by side with the grand duke's. As it was impossible for him ever to become a duke, his ambition had been to arrive at the next greatest thing—the bandmaster. As he neared the pavilion he laughed silently and grimly. To have grown wealthy was a master blumber instead! So much for ambition!

Subsequently he found himself standing beside a young vintner and his peasant sweetheart. Their hands secretly met and locked behind their backs. Grumbach sighed. Never would he know aught of this double love. This Eden would never have any gate for him to push aside. He would always go his way alone.

The girl turned her head. Seeing Grumbach, she loosened the vintner's hand.

"Do not mind me, girl," said Grumbach, his face broadening.

The girl laughed easily and without confusion. Her companion, however, flushed under his tan, and a scowl ran over his forehead.

The band struck up and the little comedy was forgotten. But Grumbach could not see anything except the girl's face, the fresh, exquisite turn of her profile. Once his eye wandered rather guiltily. Her figure was in keeping with her face. Then he saw the little wooden shoes. Ah, well, as long as kings surrounded themselves with armies and with pomp, there would always be wooden shoes. The band was playing Les Huguenots, and the girl hummed the air.

"Do not go there tonight, Gretchen," said the vintner.

"It is a crown."

"I will give you two if you will not go," the vintner urged.

"Foolish boy, what good would that do? We need every crown we have or can get, if we are to be married soon. And you have not gone to work yet. And every day costs you a crown to live, and more, for all I know. You spend a crown as carelessly as if all you had to do was to pick them off the vines. Crowns are hard to get."

"When one is happy, one does not stop to bother about crowns," he said impatiently.

"But will such happiness last? Shall we not be happier as our crowns accumulate to ward off sickness and hunger? Must I teach you economy?"

"I shall apply for work tomorrow and waste no more crowns, my heart."

The vintner's hand again sought hers, and he sent Grumbach a look which said: "Smile if you dare!"

But Grumbach did not smile. He was too sad. He fell into a dream, and the music faded in his ear and the lights of the pavilion grew dim. He was a boy again, and he was carrying posies to the pretty little fraulein in the Adlergasse. Dreams never last, and sometimes they are rudely interrupted.

A hand was put upon his shoulder authoritatively. The police officer who had examined his passoprts that morning stood at Grumbach's elbow.

"Herr Grumbach," he said quietly, "his excellency the chancellor has directed me to bring you at once to the palace."

"To the palace?" Grumbach's face was expressive of great astonishment. The officer saw nothing out of the ordinary in this expression. Any foreigner would have been seized with confusion under like circumstances.

"To the palace?" Grumbach repeated. "My passports were wrong in some respect?"

"Oh, no, herr; they were correct."

Grumbach roused his mind energetically. He forced down the fast beating of his heart, banished the astonishment from his face, and even brought a smile to his lips.

"But whatever can the chancellor want of me?"

"That is not my business. I was simply sent to find you. His excellency always interested in German-Americans. It may be that he wishes to ask what the future is there in America. We have more in Dreiberg than we can reasonably take care of."

"In the prisons?"

The officer laughed. "There and elsewhere."

"Is that right?" asked Grumbach, now thoroughly on guard.

"It may not be right to ship our criminals over there, but it is considered very good politics."

"Shall we go at once? I never expected to enter the palace of the grand duke of Ehrenstein," Grumbach added. "It will be something to tell of when I go back to America."

The only thing that reassured him was the presence of one officer. When they came for a man on a serious charge, in Ehrenstein, they came in pairs or fours. So then, there could be nothing vital to his liberty or his incognito. Besides, his papers were all right, and now there would be Carmichael to fall back on.

"The palace is lighted up," was Grumbach's comment as the two passed the sentry outside the gates.

"The duke gives the dinner to the diplomatic corps tonight."

"A fine thing to be a diplomat."

"I myself prefer fighting in the open. Diplomats? Their very precious hides are never anywhere near the wars they bring about. No, no; this way. We go in at the side."

"You'll have to guide me. Yes, these diplomats. Men like you and me do all the work. I was in the civil war in America."

"That was a great fight," remarked the officer. "I should like to have been there."

"Four years; pretty long. Do you know Herr Carmichael?"

"The American consul? Oh, yes."

"He and I fought in the same regiment."

"Then you saw some pretty battles." Grumbach took off his hat. "See that?"

"Gott! That must have been an ugly one."

"Almost crossed over when I got it. Is this the door?"

"Yes. I'll put you in snugly. You will probably have to wait for his excellency. But you'll have me for company till he appears."

Grumbach entered the palace with a brave heart and a steady mind.

The grand duke had a warm place in his heart for the diplomatic corps. He liked to see them gathered round his table, their uniforms glittering with orders and decorations. It was always a night of wits; and he sprang a hundred traps for comedy's sake, but these astonishing linguists seldom if ever blundered into one of them. They were eternally vigilant. It was no trifling matter to swing the thought from German into French, or Italian, or Hungarian; but they were seasoned veterans in the game, all save Carmichael, who spoke only French and German fluently. The duke, however, never tried needlessly to embarrass him. He admired Carmichael's mental agility. Never he thrust so keenly that the American was found lacking in an effective though simple parry.

"Your highness must recollect that I am not familliar with that tongue."

"Pardon me, Herr Captain!"

But there was always a twinkle in the ducal eye and an answering smile in the consul's.

The somber black of Carmichael's evening dress stood out conspicuously among the blue and green and red uniforms. Etiquette compelled him to wear silk stockings, but that was the single concession on his part. He wore no orders. An order of the third or fourth class held no allurement. Nothing less than the Golden Fleece would have interested him, and the grand duke himself could not boast of this rare and distinguished order. In truth, Carmichael coveted nothing but a medal for valor, and his own country had not yet come to recognize the usefulness of such a distinction.

All round him sat ministers or ambassadors; he alone represented a consulate. So his place at the table was honorary rather than diplomatic. It was his lively, humorous personality the grand duke admired, not his representations.

The duke sat at the head of the table and her serene highness at the foot; and it was by the force of his brilliant wit that the princess did not hold in perpetuity the court at her end of the table. For a German princess of that time she was highly accomplished; she was ardent, whimsical, with a flashing mentality which rounded out and perfected her physical loveliness. Above and beyond all this, she had suffered, she had felt the pangs of poverty, the smart of unrecognized merit; she had been one of the people and her sympathies would always be with them, for she knew what those about her only vaguely knew, the patience, the unmurmuring bravery of the poor. Never would she become sated with power so long as it give her the right to aid the people. Never a new tax was levied that she did not lighten it in some manner; never an oppressive law was promulgated that she did not soften its severity. And so the populace loved her, for it did not take the people long to find out what she was trying to do for them. And perhaps they loved her because she had lived the greatr part of her young life as one of them.

Tonight there was love in the duke's eyes as he looked down the table's length; there was love in the old chancellor's eyes, too; and in Carmichael's. And there was love in her eyes as she gazed back at the two old men. But who could read her eyes whenever they roved in Carmichael's direction? Not even Gretchen's grandmother, who lived in Krumerweg.

"Gentlemen," said the duke, rising and holding up his glass, "this night I give you a toast which I believe will be agreeable to all of you, especially to his excellency, Baron von Steinbock, of Jegendheit. What is past is past; a new regime begins this night." He paused. All eyes were focused upon him in wonder. Only Baron von Steinbock displayed no more than ordinary interest. "I give you," resumed the duke, "here serene highness and his majesty, Frederick of Jugendheit!"

The princess grew delicately pale as the men and women sprang to their feet. Every hand swept toward her, holding a glass. She had surrendered that morning. Not because she wished to be a queen, not because she cared to bring about an alliance between the two countries; no, it was because she was afraid and had burned the bridge behind her.

The tan thinned on Carmichael's face, but his hand was steady. Never would he forget the tableau. She sat still in her chair, her lids drooped, but a proud lift to her chin. The collar of pearls round her neck had scarce more luster than her shoulders. How red her lips seemed against the whiteness of her skin! Beautiful to him beyond all dreams of beauty. God send another war and let him die in the heart of it, fighting! To dream lies as he had done this twelvemonth, to break his heart over the moon! He sat his glass down untouched, happily unobserved. He was in misery; he wanted to be alone.

"Long live her majesty!" thundered the chancellor. He, too, was pale, but the fire of great things burned in his eyes and his lank form took upon itself a transient majesty.

In the ball room the princess was surrounded; everybody flattered her; congratulated her, and complimented her. All agreed that it was a great political stroke. And indeed it was, but none of them knew how great.

Carmichael was among the last to approach her. By this time he had his voice and nerves under control. Without apparent volition they walked down the stairs which led to the conservatory.

"I thought perhaps you had forgotten me," she said.

"Forget your highness? Do not give me credit for such an impossibility." He bowed over her hand and brushed it with his lips, for she was almost royal now. "Your highness will be happy. It is written." He stepped back slowly.

"Have you the gift of prescience?"

"In this instance. You will be a great ueen."

"Who knows?" dreamily. "When I recall what I have gone through, all this seems like an enchantment out of a fairy-book, and that I must soon wake up in my garret in Dresden."

If only it might be an enchantment! he thought. If only he might find her as the grim old chancellor had found her, in a garret! What? Dreaming again? He shrugged.

"Why did you do that?" she asked quickly.

"I do not understand."

"You shrugged."

"I beg your highness' pardon!" flushing. "I was not conscious of such rudeness."

"That is not answering my question."

"I beg of your highness—"

"My highness commands!" But her voice was gentle.

"It was a momentary dream I had; and the thought of its utter impossibility caused me to shrug. I assure your highness that it was a philosophical shrug, such as the Stoics were wont to indulge in." He spoke lightly. Only his eyes were serious.

"And this dream; was there not a woman in it?"

"Oh, no; there was only an angel."

She knew that it was not proper to question him in this manner; but neither her heart nor her mind were formal tonight.

"You interest me; you always interest me. You have seen so many wonderful things. And now it is angels."

"Only one, your Highness." This was daring. "But perhaps I am putting my foot where angels fear to tread," which was still more daring.

"Angels ought not to be afraid of anything." She laughed; there was a pain and a joy in the sound of it. She read his heart as one might read a written line.

"Dreams are always unfinished things," he said, getting back on safer ground.

"What is she like, this angel?" forcing him upon dangerous ground again wilfully.

"Who may describe an angel one has seen only in a golden dream?"

"You will not tell me?"

"I dare not!" His eyes sought hers unflinchingly. This moment he was mad, and had not the chancellor and Baron von Steinbock come up, Heaven only knew what further madness would have unbridled his tongue.

"Your Highness," began the benigin voice of the chancellor, "the baron desires, in the name of his august master, to open the ball with you. Behoid my fairy-wand," gaily. "This night I have made you a queen.

"Can you make me happy also?" said she, so low that only the chancellor heard her.

"I shall try. Ah, Herr Captain," with a friendly jerk of his head toward Carmichael; "will you do me the honor to join me in my cabinet, quarter of an hour hence?"

"I shall be there, your Excellency." Carmichael was uneasy. He was not certain how much the chancellor had heard.

"A little diplomatic business in which I shall need your assistance," supplemented the chancellor.

Carmichael, instead of loitering uselessly in the ball-room, at once sought the chancellor's cabinet. He wanted to be alone. He made known his business to the chancellor's valet who admitted him. He stopped just across the threshold. To his surprise the room was already tenanted. Grumbach and a police officer!

"Why, Grumbach, what are you doing here?" cried Carmichael.

"Waiting for his excellency. We have been here something past an hour."

"What's the trouble?" Carmichael inquired.

"Your excellency knows as much as I do," said the officer, who was in fact no less than the sub-chief of the bureau.

"And I am in the dark, also," said Grumbach, twirling his hat.

Carmichael walked about, studying the many curios. Occasionally Grumbach wiped his forehead, and, absently the inner rim of his hat. Perhaps the three of them waited 20 minutes; then the chancellor came in. He bowed cordially and drew chairs about his desk. He placed Grumbach in the full glare of the lamp. Carmichael and the subchief were in the half-light. The chancellor was last to seat himself.

"Herr Grumbach," said the chancellor in a mild tone, "I should like to see your papers."

"My passports, your excellency?"

"Yes."

Grumbach laid them on the desk imperturbably. The chancellor struck the bell. His valet answered immediately.

"Send Breunner, the head gardener, at once."

"He is in the anteroom, excellency."

"Tell him to come in."

The chancellor shot a piercing glance at Grumbach, but the latter was studying the mural decorations.

Carmichael sat tight in his chair, curious to learn what it was all about. Breunner entered. He was thin and partly bald and quite 50.

"Breunner, her highness will need many flowers tomorrow. See to it that they are cut in the morning."

"It shall be done, Excellency."

The chancellor turned to the passports.

"There is only one question, Herr Grumbach. It says here that you were a native of Bavaria before going to America. How long ago did you leave Bavaria?"

"A good many years, your Excellency." Grumbach inspected the label in his hat.

"You have, of course, retained your Bavarian passport?"

Carmichel was now leaning forward in his chair, deeply interested. He saw that the chancellor was watching Grumbach as a cat watches a mousehole.

Grumbach brought forth a bulky wallet. The edges of Bank of England notes could be seen, of fat denominations.

"Here it is, your excellency; a little ragged, but readable still."

The chancellor went over it carefully.

"Herr Captain, do you know this compatriot?"

"We fought side by side in the American war. I saw no irregularity in his papers. I am rather astonished to see him here and not at the police bureau, if any question has arisen over his passports."

"Fought side by side," the chancellor repeated thoughtfully. "Then he is no stranger to you?"

"I do not say that. We were, however, in the same cavalry, only in different troops. Grumbach, you have your honorable discharge with you?"

Grumbach went into his wallet still again. This document the chancellor read with an interest foreign to the affair under his hand. Presently he laughed softly. Why, he could not readily have told.

"I am sorry, Herr Grumbach. All this unnecessary trouble simply because of the word Bavaria."

"No trouble at all, your excellency," restoring his papers. "I have seen the inside of a real palace, and I never expected such an honor."

"How long will you be making your visit?"

"Only a few days, your excellency. Then I shall proceed to Bavaria."

"Your excellency has no further orders?" said the head gardener patiently.

"Good Heaven, Breunner, I had forgoten all about you! There is nothing more. Gentlemen, your pardon for having detained you so long. Herr Captain, you will return with me to the ballroom?"

"If your excellency will excuse me, no. I am tired. I shall return to the hotel with Herr Grumbach."

"As you please. Good night."

The three left the cabinet under various emotions. The sub-chief bowed himself off at the gates, and Carmichael and Grumbach crossed the Platz leisurely.

"How did you come by that Bavarian passport?" asked Carmichael abruptly.

"It is a forgery, my friend, but his excellency will never find that out."

"You have me all at sea. Why did he bring in the head gardener and leave him standing there all that while?"

"He had a sound purpose, but it fell. The head gardener did not recognize me."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes. He is my elder brother."

CHAPTER VIII.

The King's Letter.

The ambassador from Jugendheit, Baron von Steinbock, was not popular in Dreiberg, at least not among the people, who still held to the grand duke's idea that the kingdom had been behind the abduction of the Princess Hildegarde. The citizens scowled at his carriage, they scowled at the mention of his name, they scowled whenever they passed the embassy, which stood in the heart of the fashionable residences in the Konig Strasse. Never a hot-headed Dreiberger passed the house without a desire to loot it, to scale the piked fence and batter in the doors and windows. Steinbock himself was a polished, amiable gentleman, in no wise meriting this ill-feeling. The embassy was in all manner the most important in Dreiberg, though Prussia and Austria overshadowed it in wealth and prestige.

At this moment the people gazed at the house less in rancor than in astonishment. The king of Jugendheit was to marry her serene highness! It was a bad business, a bad business; no good would come of it. The great duke was a weak man, after all.

The menials in and about the embassy felt the new importance of their positions. So then, imagine the indignation of the majordomo, when, summoned at dusk one evening to the carriage gates, three or four days after the portentous news had issued from the palace, he found only a ragged and grimy carter who demanded peremptorily to be admitted and taken to his excellency at once.

"Be off with you, ragamuffin!" growled the majordomo.

"Be quick; open the gates!" replied the carter, swinging his whip threateningly.

"Go away!" The majordomo spun on his heels contemptuously.

"I will skin you alive," vowed the carter, striking the iron with the butt of his whip, "if you do not open these gates immediately. Open!"

There was real menace this time. Could the fellow be crazy? The majordomo concluded to temporize.

"My good man," he said conciliatorily, "you have brains. You ought to know that his excellency will receive no man in your condition. If you do not stop hammering on those bars, I shall send for the police."

The carter thpust a hand through the grill. There was a ring on one of his fingers.

"Imbecile, set your eye on that and admit me without more ado!"

The majordomo was thunderstruck. Indeed, a blast from the heavens would have jarred him less.

"Open, then!"

The majordomo threw back the bolts and the carter pushed his way in. That ring on the carter's finger? The majordomo felt himself slipping into a fantastic dream.

"Take me to the baron."

Vastly subdued the majordomo preceded the carter into the office of the embassy. There he left the strange guest and went in search of the baron. The ambassador was in his study reading.

"Your Excellency, there is a man in the office who desires to see you quickly."

The ambassador laid down his book. "Upon what pretense did he gain admittance at this hour?" he demanded.

"I refused him admittance, your Excellency, because he was dressed like a carter—"

"A carter!" The ambassador wrathfully jumped to his feet.

"One moment, your Excellency. He wore a ring on his finger, and I could not refuse him."

"A ring, you say?"

Guarding his voice with his hand, the majordomo whispered two words.

"Here, and dressed like a carter? What the devil!" The ambassador rushed from the study.

It was dark in the embassy office. Quickly the ambasador lighted some candles. Gas would be too bright for such a meeting.

"Well, your Excellency?" said a voice from the leather lounge.

"Who are you?" For this was not the voice the baron expected to hear.

"My name at present does not matter. The news I bring is far more important. His majesty emphatically declines any alliance with the House of Ehrenstein."

The ambassador stumbled into a chair, his mind dulled, his shoulders inert. This was a blow.

"Declines?" he murmured.

"He repudiates his uncle's negotiations absolutely."

"Damnation!" swore the ambassador, coming to life once more.

"The exact word used by the prince; in fact, the word has become common property in the last forty-eight hours. Now, then, what's to be done? What do you suggest?"

"This means war. The duke will never swallow such an insult."

"War! It looks as if you and I, Baron, shall not accompany the king of Prussia into Alsace-Lorraine. We shall have entertainment at home."

"This is horrible!"

"The devil of a muddle!"

"But what possessed the prince to blunder like this?"

"The prince really is not to blame. Our king, Baron, is a young colt. A few months ago he gave his royal uncle carte blanche to seek a wife for him. Politics demanded an alliance between Jugendheit and Ehrenstein. There have been too many years of useless antagonism. On the head of this bolt from heaven comes the declaration of his majesty that he will marry any other princess on the continent."

"They will pull this place down, brick by brick!"

"Let them! We have ten thousand more troops than Ehrenstein."

"You young men are a pack of fools!"

"Softly, Baron."

"You would like nothing better than war."

"Unless it is peace."

"Where is the king?"

The carter smiled. "He is hunting, they say, with the crown prince of Bavaria."

"But you, why have you come dressed like this?"

"That is a little secret which I am not at liberty to disclose."

"But, great God, what's to be done?"

"Lie," urbanely.

"What good will lies do?"

(To Be Continued.)

The Right Watch.

Judge.

The Wife's Caller (lightly)—"These husbands of ours need watching from morning till night."

The Other Wife (less lightly)—"Say rather from night till morning."

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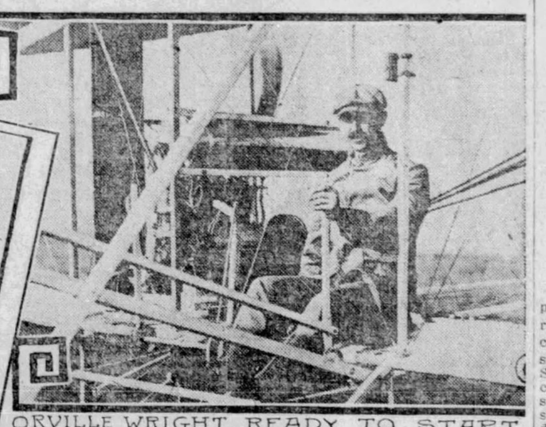

ORVILLE WRIGHT READY TO START

Wright Brothers Are Building Own Ships at Dayton - Likewise Instructing Numerous Students How to Make Successful Flights.

A FLYING machine factory! Here is something for lovers of the unique and the strange. American genius and energy have been pushed into many new fields, have developed many industries, have worked out many new ideas, but it is doubtful if in the whole history of the manufacturing industry there has ever been started a plant that is so significant of its time, that so typifies the genius of a people, that is so fraught with possibilities of future expansion, and that is such a complete pioneer as the flying machine factory recently started in Dayton by the Wright brothers.

These two Buckeye boys who have conquered the air after several thousand years of effort by mechanical geniuses of the world, are the first to engage in an industry which it now seems will in time tompete successfully with the automobile, the railroad engine and the electric car.

Since the days when the Chinese first began to build kites, and this was 300 years B. C., individuals here and there have constructed devices that were intended to fly, but to Ohio belongs the credit for having the first factory where heavier-than-air machines were regularly turned out as a commodity and disposed of in the regular way to anyone who had the price to purchase the product.

And what an interesting factory it is! There is nothing like it in the world. Here are turned out aeroplanes, giant canvased machines that sail through the air like great fabled bats. Woodworkers, carpenters, cabinet makers are here at the bench fashioning the material for the ribs, the uprights, the sleepers of the planes and making the great cradles on which the machine rests. The Wrights have reduced the manufacture of flying machines to an exact science; they have placed it on a level with the sewing machine, the bicycle or the typewriter. To them it is no longer a fad, a novelty or a sport—it is a business.

In order to conduct this business the Wrights have to pioneer at every step. They cannot profit by the experience of others. They must find out everything for themselves. No other article of commerce is in any way like their product. They can't copy or steal ideas and they can't use automatic machinery. Everything must be done by hand.

Trainng Aviators.

One of the things they are compelled to do that is unique is the training of operatives. They must conduct a school for aviators in connection with their business. Thousands of men in the country may wish to own a flying machine and may have the money to pay for it, but these two factors do not make a sale in the new industry. You can't sell an aeroplane like you can dispose of an automobile. You must first show the purchaser that the thing is a success beyond all doubt; that it is practical and can be operated with safety to the man at the levers.

This has introduced into the manufacture of flying machines a new element. The Wrights, therefore, must teach the science of aviation to the public; they must prepare the people for the next step in rapid transit perfection.

This school which the inventors have started is about as interesting as their factory. It is headed by A. Roy Knabenshue, the Toledo aeronaut who gained fame as a navigator of dirigible balloons. Knabenshue has signed a contract with the inventors to take charge of their exhibition work, and will take the Wright aeroplanes to all the exhibition meets in the country, competing for prizes and demonstrating to the people of the United States that the Wrights have really solved the problem of aerial navigation. He will also make engagements for exhibitions at state and county fairs, summer parks and other places where the people are wont to gather and be thrilled. The inventors are building 25 aeroplanes which are to be turned over to the Toledoan.

The Wrights have leased a farm 10 miles east of Dayton, and here they are training operators for Knabenshue. None are employed but young men who have had no previous experience as aviators, the idea being to train them in the Wright methods. When the 25 flying machines are manufactured and the necessary number of aviators trained to man them the inventors will then begin to turn out aeroplanes for the trade. Already they are in receipt of many orders and inquiries from rich eastern sportsmen who wish to go the automobile one better.

Air Ships Practical.

The history of Orville and Wilbur Wright is well known to the reading public. Their early struggles, the encouragement they received from their father, Bishop Milton Wright, and their sister, Katherine, have been told many times in the newspapers and magazines. They experienced all the hardships and the bitter disappointments of the inventor, but unlike many other famous inventors they are living to enjoy the fruits of their triumph.

The Wrights did not start to manufacture their aeroplanes until they had demonstrated the practicability of the flying machine. Then they rented from the Speedwell Automobile Co. an unusued building belonging to the latter and adjoining its plant on Essex avenue in Edgemont, in the southwestern part of the city, and about two miles from the postoffice. Here they have installed a complete wood-working outfit in the structure, which is 100 feet square and one-story high. The old machine shop at 1127 Third street, where they did all their experimental work and in which they started their careers as bicycle makers, has been retained to make the engines.

As one enters their wood-working plant his ear is assailed by a whirr of machinery. Saws, planers, shapers are there in operation. So complete is the plant that any kind of cabinet work may be done at the benches. One-half of the room is occupied by four aeroplanes in different stages of completion. The other half is used by the mechanics who take the raw material and work it up into the finished flying machine.

Material in Aeroplane.

The Wright aeroplane is made of spruce, ash and heavy balloon canvass. The canvass is a cambric muslin imported from England. The warp and woof are so closely knit together that if a piece of the material were placed in front of an electric fan the amount of air that would come through would be scarcely perceptible. It is about the strongest material made.

The spruce comes from West Virginia and is doubly selected before sent to Dayton. It costs $55 per 1,000 feet. Even after this careful selection the Wrights throw away about one-third of each 1,000 feet. They can not use it unless the grain is perfectly straight. This is in order to obtain the strongest possible wood for its weight. Spruce selected in this way has wonderful tensile and pulling strength and would not easily be broken should the aeroplane get beyond the control of the operator for a moment and strike the ground, encounter a tree or meet with any other object.

The two big planes are 39 feet from tip to tip and are eight feet wide. There are 18 uprights holding them together. These spruce uprights are 1x2 inches in size and 6 feet long. They are placed about 6 feet apart toward the ends of the planes, but as the centre of the planes is approached they are much closer and are also heavier, being about 1½x3 inches. Universal joints connect them with the spars on the two planes. They are also fastened to each other by heavy spoke wire, making the planes exceedingly strong and rigid.

The planes are covered on both sides with canvas to prevent friction with the wind. Both are convex and receive their strength from two spruce spars which run their full length. These spars are in three pieces and are 1¾x1¾ inches in size. They are joined together by ribs, 3 feet apart. The ribs are also made of spruce and are in two pieces joined together every few inches by little blocks of spruce wood an inch long. The ribs are placed close together near the centre of the plane to give strength to the machine and to sustain the weight of the engine which is placed just a little to the left of he centre of gravity.

Secret of Success.

It is in the construction of these two horizontal and parallel planes that the Wrights have achieved their success, and right here rests their claim to distinction. The planes are rigid only between the two spars which are 6½ feet apart. The remainder of the plane is really a marginal flap which may be made to incline upward or downward when the cord or rope attached to the lever is manipulated by the aviator. This lateral yielding, distorting or warping is the means of securing the equilibrium and was worked out by the Wrights after they had watched the buzzards soaring in the air. It was always a source of the greatest wonder to the inventors how the larger birds could remain for a great length of time in one place without any apparent effort to sustain them in the air. They watched the buzzards through powerful field glasses and finally they discovered that the wings of the bird when spread out were convex and that their equilibrium was maintained by an almost imperceptible movement of the feathers on the lateral portion of the wing. They concluded that if they could build a plane with lateral edges or marginal flaps they would be able to solve the secret of the bird's flight and make arial navigation possible, because by slightly turning the margins up or down, they would secure different angles of incidence. This was the obstacle which the other inventors had not been able to surmount and without it their machines would not remain balanced, but upset. The patents which the Wrights have taken out in nine countries are based upon this lateral warping of the planes by which they have solved the problem of equilibrium.

Two Small Planes.

The machine has too small planes in front. They are 2½x12 feet in size and are 3 feet apart. Six spruce uprights —three on each side, hold them together. These planes are called the front control. Between them are two small "wind veins" to prevent the aeroplane from sliding. These veins are in the form of a half circle and extend toward the operator or machine proper. The front control is 12 feet from the two large planes is attached to a cradle which extends underneath the large planes and back to the rudders, which are also 12 feet from the marginal flaps.

The cradle is made of spruce. The runners are 5 feet 8 inches apart and 20 feet long. They are held together by ash cross bars and have a hickory shoe one-quarter of an inch thick. This hickory is placed on the runners to protect them when the flying machine lands on hard ground.

There are three rudders on the aeroplane—two vertical and one horizontal. All three are made of spruce covered with balloon canvass. The vertical rudders or veins are each 2½x 10 feet, and the horizontal vein is 2½ x12 feet in size.

There are two propellers, each 8½ feet long and 12 inches wide. The inventors experienced much difficulty in making these propellers which are concave. They were compelled to laminate the spruce, which comes in planks 2 inches thick. This is all hand work. The propellers are carved out to shape and are bolted in the centre. They are then covered with canvas to prevent splitting.

How Power Is Conveyed.

The two transmission shafts—one for each propeller, has each six steel braces to hold them in place. These braces are fastened to the spars in the lower aeroplane. Hollow steel tubing 1½ inch in size, is used for the shaft from the engine to a 10-inch wheel in the rear. From this wheel the power is conveyed by covered or guide cnams to

Continued on Page 3, Sixth column.

At Odds with the Regent

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XVIII

A Ride Through the Night.

The streets were still filled with people, kept abroad apparently by rumors of the Spanish plot, and I was compelled to draw rein and go at a slower gait as I turned into the Rue St. Louis. Skirting the quays and crossing the river, I was soon in the suburbs of Paris and comparatively safe from pursuit. Here the extreme darkness delayed me as the crowds had in the busier portion of the city, but I knew the distance to St. Cloud was only about six miles and that the regent could not reach the trap that had been set for him for an hour at least. So I gave the horse his head, confident that I should yet be able to defeat this last resort of the duchess. As I went I wondered who it was to whom she had committed this desperate mission, and to this question I could find no answer. It seemed to me an enterprise which no gentleman would undertake, and at which even a rogue would pause unless he were already without of the pale of the law and so with little to lose. But that Madame du Maine would stoop to use such an instrument, even in her extremity, I could not believe. So I put the problem behind me and addressed myself to the question in hand, that of reaching St. Cloud in time.

I had one morning during my first week in Paris amused myself by loitering about the barrier and watching the arrival and departure of carriages on the Versailles road, and though I had never been over this road, I had little doubt that I should be able to find the way without difficulty. So my heart was light as I passed through the gloomy faubourgs, seemingly inhabited only by shadows, which slunk along under the walls of the houses. It was not until this moment that I realized what the failure of the plot meant to Richelieu, but even upon this point I soon felt more at ease, for perchance if I succeeded in saving the regent's life, he might be more inclined to listen to me.

The flare of a torch at the end of the street brought me from my reverie, and I pulled my horse to a sudden halt and peered through the darkness ahead. I could dimly discern the barrier, and my heart seemed to stop as I saw that the gates were closed and that two sentries were pacing up and down in front of them. It would seem that I myself was in a trap.

I slid from my horse, led him to a side street, tied him, and then moved cautiously forward to examine the situation. Owing to the darkness I drew quite close to the gates without being discovered, and concealed myself behind a flight of steps which projected from one of the houses. As I had seen before, two sentries were guarding the gates, and had they been alone I might have had some chance of overpowering them. But from the guard house at the side came the sound of laughter and the click of dice, and I knew that there were others there who, at the first sound of alarm, would rush to the rescue of their comrades. Force, then, was not to be thought of, and strategy was necessary. But by what strategy could I hope to persuade these men to allow myself and my horse to pass unquestioned, when they had doubtless received strict orders to allow no one to leave the city without close scrutiny? Here was an obstacle upon which I had not counted. In times of peace the gates were never shut, and I had thought to pass them without difficulty, but the discovery of the plot must have alarmed the authorities. At any rate the gates were closed and I did not doubt that some pass-word was necessary to open them.

As I was cudgeling my brains over this problem, which seemed on its face to baffle solution, I heard the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs from the direction of the city, and a moment later a horse and rider came into view. He was riding with a fine disregard of the dangers of the loose and uneven pavement, and the sound of his rapid approach, which awoke a thousand echoes along the gloomy street, drew five or six guards from the sentry-house.

"Who goes there?" cried one of the men at the gate. "Stand, monsieur."

"Who is in command here?" asked the newcomer, reining up his horse just in time to escape running down one of the sentries. "Quick! I have no time to lose."

"I am, monsieur," answered another voice from the direction of the house, and an officer hurried into the light cast by the torches over the gate. "What is it?"

"Orders for you, monsieur. You will read them at once. And now, open the gate. I have further advices for the regent, who is at Versailles."

"The pass-word, monsieur," said the commandant of the post.

"Rocroy," answered the courtier. "Quickly, let me pass."

The gates were opened on the instant, and the rider put spurs to his horse and disappeared into the darkness of the road without. The gates were shut again, and the commandant retired to the guard-house to read his orders.

In an instant I saw an opportunity. I crept along the street until I reached my horse. Quickly mounting, I turned down a side street, and came out again a little distance away on the road by which the courier had come. With a touch of the spur I urged my horse into a gallop, and approached the gate precisely as the first courier had done.

"Open!" I cried. "On the king's service."

"Pardieu," growled the sentry, "it seems to me there many couriers passing here to night. Something must be afoot. The pass-word, if you please."

"Rocroy," I answered.

"All right, my friend, wait a moment," and he placed his hand on one if the gates and half opened it as the commandant came running from the house, his orders still in his hand.

"Hold, Batard!" he cried to the sentry, "I wish to see this gentleman." The man paused still holding the gate half open.

"Let me see," he continued, holding the paper up to the light and scanning it closely. "About 20—gray suit—gray cloak—light mustache—light hair—mounted on black horse—" he looked at me for a moment keenly. "You cannot pass, monsieur," he said. "It seems to me that you are Monsieur de Brancas, whom I have just received an order to arrest and hold at all hazard. Close the gate, Batard."

But I had understood before he fin-

A Clean Man

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh.

It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs.

Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe. Easy to take as candy.

ished. I drove my spurs deep into the horse's flanks, and with one bound upset the fellow who was still holding the half-opened gate. At the same instant the horse struck the gate, he force of the shock swinging it still farther open. We were through the opening before the guards had time to realize that I was escaping and plunged into the darkness without the walls. For the third time that night I knew that I should receive a volley in the rear, and I bent low in my saddle as the shots rang out behind me. Luckily the rascals were too astonished to aim accurately, and the bullets whistled harmlessly over me. But there might be a pursuit, and I did not allow my horse to slacken his pace until the barrier was far behind.

As I rode I reflected upon this new perfidy of the duchess, for that she had furnished Herault the description which had been sent to the Versailles gate I did not doubt, and was amazed anew at the daring and ingenuity of this woman, who knew how to use even her enemies in accomplishing her ends. At last, believing myself safe from pursuit, I drew up and looked about me. It was lighter here than in the narrow streets of the city, and the moon was just peeping over the horizon, but still I could see little. I had been delayed not less than half an hour at the barrier and knew that I had no time to lose, so I put spurs to my horse again and continued rapidly onward. In a few moments I came to a place where the roads forked. Which was the road to Versailles, the right or the left? I did not know, and seeing no way of finding out, chose the left at a hazard and continued on. I had not ridden far when I saw at the side of the road ahead of me a dim light. As I drew nearer I perceived that it came from the window of a low and squalid hut. Here, perhaps, I might be able to gain the information I sought. I rode my horse up to the door, and, drawing a pistol from the holster, rapped with its butt.

There was silence for a moment within the house, and then the door slowly opened. As it did so, I was astonished to see that the candle which had been burning a moment before had been extinguished.

"What is it, monsieur?" asked a voice from the darkenss within.

"Is this the road to Versailles?" I questioned.

"No, monsieur," answered the voice, without hesitation "you doubtless took the wrong road at the forks a mile back. Return there, monsieur, and take the right hand road. Follow it straight ahead and it will lead you to Versailles."

"Many thanks," I answered, and turned my horse's head. As I did so, I heard the click of a pistol within the room.

"Who goes to Versailles at this hour and for what?" cried another voice, which I seemed to recognize and yet could not place. "Hold, monsieur," it continued "do not move. I have you covered with my pistol and I never miss."

There was a note of braggartry in the voice which refreshed my memory.

"Ah, it is Cartouche," I said. "I wish you good evening, monsieur."

"And who may you be?" he asked. "You have the best of me, monsieur.

"Doubtless," I laughed. "You meet so many people, and usually in the dark. But you may, perhaps, remember an encounter some nights back with a man who was lost in Paris, and who was saved from your rascals only by the timely arrival of the Duc de Richelieu."

"By my soul, yes," he answered. "I have cause to remember it, since I lost three sturdy rogues. Are you that man?"

"I am he," and I smiled down at the invisible form within the doorway, for I could imagine the expression which must be upon his face, "and I am glad of the opportunity of a word with you. You do not know, perhaps, that Richelieu is a prisoner in the Bastile and that his head is in great danger?"

"No, I did not know it."

"It is so, nevertheless. He told me that he did you a service once and that you have not forgotten it."

"That is so, monsieur," said Cartouche.

"Perhaps you will now have opportunity to repay that kindness."

"Perhaps," he assented. "If the worst comes to the worst a rescue in the Place de Greve is not impossible. It has been done before."

"And may be done again," I cried, "if you can muster 50 rogues who are not afraid of steel."

"Trust me for that," answered Cartouche, quietly. "I can muster 100 such if necessary. But why is M. de Richelieu imprisoned, monsieur?"

"Simply because the regent wishes it," I said. "Richelieu has done nothing."

"Ah!" and Cartouche remained for a moment thoughtful. "Well, monsieur," he said at last, in a tone full of significance, "I do not believe we shall have need to have recourse to a rescue of that character. The matter will soon adjust itself."

"Adjust itself? But how?" I questioned, in amazement.

"No matter," and Cartouche laughed, a short dry laugh. "Only, monsieur, should a rescue become necessary, you may count upon me."

"Very well," I said. "I shall see you again, then, if there is need," and I turned my horse back in the direction from which I had come.

"Wait a moment, monsieur," he called, with a good-humored chuckle, coming out of the house and putting up his pistol. "You are already on the road to Versailles. It is one of the principles of our business never to tell the truth if it can be avoided. Continue straight ahead and you will reach St. Cloud. Ten leagues farther is Versailles."

I turned my horse about with a jerk.

"Does the road run through a wood near here?" I asked, as I took a new hold on the bridle.

"Not half a league farther on, monsieur," he answered, in a surprised voice, and I was off before he could say more. As I glanced back over my shoulder I saw him standing there still staring after me, and then, as though struck by a sudden idea, turn and vanish within the cabin. I had need of haste, for eleven o'clock could not be far distant. But the horse Madame du Maine had provided was a good one, and I laughed as I pictured to myself how she must be tearing her hair at the thought that it was she who had given me the means of saving the regent. The moon had risen clear of the trees while I was parleying with Cartouche and flooded the country with noonday brightness. Fearing no pitfalls in this wide and level road, I spurred onward peering ahead for the wood of which Cartouche had spoken, but of which I could see no sign. Once I thought I heard a beat of horses' hoofs behind me, but when I turned in my saddle I saw no one, and concluded that they were merely the echo of my own. The minutes passed, and finally, to my great relief, away before me I saw that the white road seemed to disappear in the darkness, as though cut off at the entrance to a tunnel. This, then, was the wood, and with new ardor, for I had begun to fear that Cartouche had misled me, I galloped towards it. The road flew past under my horse like some gigantic ribbon, and in a moment I was in the shadow of the trees.

Here I paused. I did not know how far the wood extended, nor did I know at what point the ambush had been prepared. The only thing to be done, evidently, was to ride to the other side and stop the regent and his party before they entered it. I proceeded cautiously, the dust deadening the hoofbeats of my horse, for I did not know at what moment I myself might be greeted by a volley from the roadside. At last, far down the avenue ahead, I saw the road opening out into the plain, and at the same moment I again heard the sound of swiftly galloping horses in my rear. This time there was no mistaking the sound, and as I turned, I saw a troop of three or four just entering the wood. As I looked at them the mysterious words of Cartouche flashed into my head. Could it be that it was to him the duchess had confided the task of assassinating the regent, and that he had not suspected my purpose until too late to stop me? The thought made me drive the spurs once more into the flanks of my horse, and as I did so I heard again that clear, sharp whistle which Cartouche had used once before to summon his men to attack me. Almost before the sound had died away under the trees there came a flash of fire from the roadside, a ringing report, and my horse stumbled and nearly fell, then continued slowly onward, limping badly. I heard the horses of my pursuers rapidly drawing nearer, and even at that moment I saw ahead of me down the road another little troop approaching from the direction of Versailles, and knew it was the regent and three or four companions. Would I be in time? Would my horse carry me out of the forest? The troop behind me was dangerously near.

"Stop, monsieur!" cried a voice, which I knew to be that of Cartouche. "Stop or we fire!"

Without answering, I threw myself forward upon my horse's neck and again drove in the spurs. I could hear the poor brute's breath coming in gasps, and from the trembling of his body I knew he was almost done. But it was no time to spare him, and the white road gleaming in the moonlight just ahead was so near—so near.

Again Cartouche cried out for me to halt, and again I did not answer.

I glanced ahead and saw the regent's party had apparently heard the tramp of our horses, for they had stopped to listen. In an instant I had slezed a pistol from the holster and fired it in the air. They would hear the report and at least be prepared to face the danger which threatened them. As my shot rang out through the still night air I heard a savage oath behind me. There came a crash of pistols and a great blow seemed to strike me in the head. I reeled in the saddle, caught myself as I was falling, and held on. The earth seemed whirling under me, strange lights danced before my eyes. I shook them from me with clenched teeth; I was out in the moonlight; my horse still staggered on. And then, as in a dream, I saw the regent, sitting on his horse calmly in the middle of the road.

"Save yourself, monsieur!" I cried. "Save yourself! They would kill you!"

I felt the horse slipping from under me, the sky grew black, something in my head seemed to burst, and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XIX.

D'Ancenis Tells the Story.

I lay for some time without stirring, looking fixedly at the window in front of me and wondering in a vague way what had happened. I could see the sun shining brightly on some shrubbery outside the window. The view was stopped by a wall, and a dull and monotonous roar, which I recognized as belonging to the city, was in my ears. I perceived I was in bed. A white, narrow bed. I turned my head slowly and gazed about the room. It was small and plainly furnished, but seemed clean and comfortable. The thought forced its way into my mind that I had never before been in this room. How, then, did I get there?

I closed by eyes again, and for a long time my brain refused to grapple with the problem. It seemed as though coming back from a country full of mist, and clouds of the mist still clung to it. Finally, with supreme effort of will, I opened my eyes again, and again looked through the window and about the room. This time I could think more clearly. No, I had never been here before, and the question repeated itself, How, then, did I get here?

And still I could get no farther than the question. I heard a door open, and some one tiptoed to the bedside. I found myself looking up into a sweet, colorless face. It was surrounded by a black wimple, and I remembered dimly that I had seen nuns wearing such. The eyes looked down for a moment into mine and were then withdrawn. As I still lay staring at the ceiling, another face appeared before me. It was the face of a man whom I did not know. Or, wait a moment, I had seen it before somewhere, but my brain seemed to recoil at the effort at recollection.

"He is doing nicely," I heard a voice say, "He will soon be quite well. The danger was that he would never regain consciousness."

Again the face was withdrawn, and I felt an arm under my head lifting me up. A cup was pressed to my lips.

"Drink," said a voice, the man's voice, 'it will do you good."

I drank obediently, almost mechanically. Then I was lowered again, and the arm was removed. A great heaviness oppressed my eyelids. I did not struggle against it, but yielded to it gladly and drifted away into the land of mist.

When I opened my eyes again the sun was still shining without the window; nothing in the room was changed. But my head seemed quite clear and I could think without weariness. What was this room in which I found myself? I looked around and examined it attentively. A small room, twelve feet square, perhaps, the bed, two chairs, a small table, and a stove in one corner the only furniture. There were a number of bottles and glasses on the table. I raised my hand to my head, surprised at the effort it cost me, and was astonished to find a bandage about my forehead. What had happened? Had I been injured?

And in a flash it all came back to me—the arrest, the ride through the night, the encounter with Cartouche, the flash of pistols and then darkness. I must have been wounded in the head. But the regent—was he safe? Richelieu—where was he? A thousand questions surged into my brain at once. I raised myself upon my elbow and cried aloud. The door opened in a moment, and a woman entered, the same woman whose face I had already seen bending over me.

"Monsieur is awake, then," she said, smiling at me kindly, but forcing me gently back upon my pillow. "Monsieur is better."

"Yes, yes, I am better," I answered. "But what has happened? Where am I? The regent, Richelieu, Madame du Maine—"

She laid her hand upon my lips.

"Have patience," she said. "I will call the doctor."

She left the room while I still lay overwhelmed by my thoughts. She was soon back, and with her was the man who had accompanied her once before, and this time I recognized him as Levau, the surgeon who had bound up my shoulder at the Cafe Procope.

"Good-morning, M. de Brancas," he cried, in a jovial voice, as he came to my bedside. "I see you are doing famously and will soon be on your feet again. How do you feel?"

"I feel no pain," I answered, "but am very weak."

"No pain in the head, eh? Well that is good. Come, now, let me see the wound," and he untied the bandage from about my temples, held up my head and apparently examined a wound at the back. "Upon my word," he said, after a moment, replacing the bandage. "I have never seen anything prelier. Ah, monsieur, it is pure blood that tells, and you are an ideal patient. Why, that stab you received in the shoulder the other day has left nothing but a scar, and in a week from now this little scratch will have ceased to trouble you."

"But what is it?" I asked, scarcely able to restrain my impatience while this examination was in progress. "I was shot, I know that; but how did I get here, and where am I and what has been done with my friends?"

"One question at a time, M. de Brancas," and Levau stood smiling down at me. "You were brought back to Paris from the place on the roadside where the bullet which struck you in the head laid you. This is the Hotel Dieu, and you have to thank the nursing of Sister Angelica here that you are alive today. The bullet did not enter the skull, but simply stunned you—a glance blow. It looked for a time, however, as though you were never going to open your eyes again. You had also a bullet in your shoulder, but that was a mere nothing."

"How long have I been here, then?"

"Six days, monsieur," and Levau still smiled.

"Six days!" I gasped. "But tell me, monsieur, what has become of Richelieu, of Madame du Maine, and of all the others."

"Now there, M. de Brancas, you are getting beyond me," and Levau waved his hands deprecatingly. "I do not meddle with politics. When you ask me concerning your injury I have my answers ready on my lips, but when you go into politics I am all at sea. But wait a moment," he added, kindly; "I think I can bring you some one who has inquired after you every day and who can answer all these questions," and he left the room. In a moment he returned, bringing with him a man, who rushed towards my bed, his face alight with pleasure.

"D'Ancenis!" I cried.

"Yes, de Brancas, it is I," and the marquis took my hand with the heartiest of clasps. "I cannot tell how pleased I am to hear that you will soon be well again. I had just come to inquire after you when Levau was summoned by the nurse, and I was imagining the most horrible things when he returned with the news that you are so much better."

"Thank you, monsieur," I answered, more moved than I cared to show by his evident concern. "But tell me, where are my friends?"

D'Ancenis glanced questioningly at Levau.

The latter nodded encouragingly.

"Tell him, monsieur," he said. "It will do him no harm to talk, and worry might retard his recovery, although the effects of the injury are almost passed. You will excuse me, gentlemen," and, followed by the nurse, he left the room.

"Very well, then," said d'Ancenis, drawing a chair to the bedside and again taking my hand. "Proceed with your questions, de Brancas."

"First," I said, after a moment's pause to enable me to marshal my thoughts in some kind of order, "is the regent safe?"

"Quite safe," and d'Ancenis smiled more than ever. "That night ride of yours, my friend, did not deserve to be otherwise than successful. I have heard the regent tell the story a dozen times. He and his party heard first the rapid beat of horses' hoofs. They paused to listen, when from the wood in front of them came a rider, clinging to his horse's neck and fired a pistol into the air. There was a volley of shots behind him and he was seen to reel and almost fall. He caught himself by a supreme effort, clung to the saddle until ten paces from the regent, cried to him to save himself, and dropped senseless from his horse and rolled to the side of the road. It was over in a moment, the scoundrels who had shot him remaining concealed in the shelter of the trees. The regent, suspecting some treachery, immediately drew his pistols, as did the gentlemen with him, and retreated until some distance from the wood, so that suprise was impossible. Then a courier from Paris, who had reached him a few moments before was sent back half a league to St. Cloud for re-enforcements. As soon as these arrived the wood was entered, but no one was found. The regent examined the body by the road, and at once recognized you, my friend. He knew not what to make of it, but ordered you picked up and brought back to Paris. There he heard from the commandant of the Varsailles gate how you had escaped from the hall and of the efforts made by Madame du Maine to stop you, for she was not so circumspect in this affair as is usual with her, and betrayed herself completely. The regent can put two and two together as well as any man, and he was not long in arriving at a conclusion. This conclusion became a certainty when a confession was secured from one of Cartouche's rogues, who attempted to re-enter Paris the next morning and was captured. He told all of the details of the ambuscade, and how Cartouche himself, with his companions, was to have attacked the regent should he get past the wood alive. Cartouche has left Paris and is across the frontier by this time. Really, de Brancas," and d'Ancenis paused a moment to look at me, "you are a devil of a fellow. This was quite in line with your escape from the Bastile."

"And Richelieu?" I asked.

"Is still in prison, and likely to remain there for some time to come, to say no worse. His offence is nothing less than treason, monsieur, and the regent has sworn to have his head."

I groaned aloud.

"'Tis what I feared," I said. "I must get up," and I raised myself on one elbow.

"Gently, gently, de Brancas," and d'Ancenis pushed me back again, nor did I resist him greatly, for I was weaker than I had thought. "Do you think one man, already half dead, would be able to liberate Richelieu? You propose to take the Bastile by storm, I suppose, single-handed and alone. I should not be surprised to see you undertake such an exploit."

I remained for a moment silent.

"Tell me the rest," I said, finally. "Madame du Maine, Cellamare, Mlle. de Launay—what has happened to them?"

"Cellamare was conducted out of Paris and started for Spain under a strong escort the morning after his arrest," answered d'Ancenis. "He protested, of course, but it was of no use. The papers which were found in his possession exposed all the details of the plot, which was marvellously well arranged, and which almost makes one admire the duchess. Madame du Maine submitted very quietly until she found she was to be taken to the citadel of Dijon, when she fought like a tigress, but it was to no avail, and she was safely lodged in the dungeon, vowing a hundred kinds of vengeance against her jailers. Mlle. de Launay wished to accompany her mistress, but the regent was afraid to allow those two women to remain together, so mademoiselle was given a cell in the Bastile, as were all the other prisoners arrested at the Tuileries. We found Polignac lying senseless on the floor, and he was quite hysterical for a time, protesting his innocence. De Mesmes did the same, but both were silenced when they were confronted by their own statements of their share in the conspiracy. The Duc du Maine was also arrested."

"The Duc du Maine?" I cried; "but he knew nothing about it. I have never even seen him."

"I can well believe it," and d'Ancenis smiled. "I was deputed to arrest him, and I found him very harmlessly engaged in looking over his collection of snuffboxes at Sceaux. He was astounded when I gave him an intimation of what the duchess had been doing, and was very indignant that she had caused him to be sent to prison. He was taken to the Chateau de Dourleans, stopping at every shrine along the road to pray, for he was firmly convinced that the regent was going to have him killed. The regent has little cause to love him, and will doubtless try to make a case against him."

"But he cannot succeed," I said, confidently. "There will be a hundred persons ready to testify in the duke's behalf."

"That is all the news," concluded d'Ancenis. "Paris has been talking of it for a week and the topic is not yet exhausted. Shall I tell you, my friend, of what they talk most? It is your ride, and there are fifty pretty women ready to worship you. There has been one in particular who has made it a point to inquire of me every day how you are getting on."

"And who is she?"I asked, with leaping heart.

D'Ancenis looked down at me quizzically.

"'Tis more serious than I thought," he said laughing. "There will be many to envy you your good fortune, de Brancas."

"But her name?" I asked again.

"What, man," cried my tormenter, gayly, "would you have me be indiscreet? No, no. You must find out the name for yourself. Ask the lady of whom you are thinking and see what she says."

I caught at his hand, but he eluded me, and laughed merrily as he looked back from the door.

"Get well quickly, my friend," he said. "Do not keep her waiting," and he was gone.

But I did not for a moment question the reply my heart had given me, and when Levau looked in on me again a short time later, he found me looking so contended that he laughed with pleasure.

"In faith, monsieur," he cried, "I begin to believe that Captain d'Ancenis is a better physician than I. What magic did he use?"

I merely smiled.

"When can I get out of this?" I asked.

"Oh, we will see about that," he answered, his professional air back upon him in an instant. "Three or four days will tell the story."

"Three or four days? Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "Why, I am strong enough to get out of bed this moment," and I started as if to rise.

"Patience, patience, monsieur," and Levau held me back. "Suppose I say tomorrow, provided that you pass a good night and are as much stronger in the morning as I expect you to be?"

"Agreed. And now cannot I have something to eat? I am marvellously hungry."

"As much as you like," cried Levau, heartily, and he hurried away to send my supper to me. I did ample justice and enjoyed it greatly, then lay for a long time thinking over all that d'Ancenis had told me, but more particularly of Louise, and finally dropped asleep.

I felt like a new man the next morning. Save for a little soreness at the back of my head and in my shoulder, and a slight weakness in my legs when I tried to walk, I was as well as ever. My clothing was brought me and I walked around the room leaning on Levau's arm. He seemed indefatigable in his attentions, and after 10 minutes of this exercise he pronounced himself satisfied with my condition. Breakfast never tasted better than did that one, which Levau ate with me, and as soon as I had swallowed it I was anxious to depart, for Richelieu's danger weighed heavily upon me, and I knew not how soon the regent might take action. Cartouche's flight from Paris had cut off all hope of a rescue at the last moment, even had the scoundrel been inclined to aid me, which was now exceeding doubtful, and whatever was to be done must be done by me alone.

After a little demur Levau consented to my departure, provided I would take his carriage and not attempt to walk. I agreed, of course, and was surprised when he prepared to accompany me.

"Is it that I am under arrest?" I asked, an explanation for his extreme attentiveness coming to me suddenly.

"Not at all, monsieur," he answered, readily. "It is only that I have sworn you shall recover and that my reputation is at stake. I am not going to take any chance of failure."

"I hope that some day I shall be able to repay you for your kindness, monsieur," I said, moved by the evident sincerity of the man. "At present I am not able to do so, nor to more than thank the nurse to whom you say I owe my life."

"Think no more of it, M. de Brancas, I pray you," he protested, with his familiar gesture. "Let there be no talk of payment. Indeed, I have already been more than paid by the persons who have taken an interest in your case."

"And who were they, monsieur?" I asked, with some surprise.

(To be continued.)

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of The Farmstead tell me how to remove warts from a cow's teats?—C., Hundred, W. Va.

I have a horse ten years old. He is in good condition, but has a cough and some discharge from nose at times. Also a little congested in head. Has been this way for two months. Will some reader tell me what to do?—W., Renshford, N. Y.

Some time ago there was given in The Blade a simple remedy for keeping flies from cattle. Will someone send it in again?—M., Dale, N. Mexico.

Will somebody give a recipe for making rhubarb wine?—C., Parks, Mich.

I would like to know how to get rid of black ants. They come early in the spring and remain nearly all summer.—Mrs. W., Windham, N. Y.

COW WEANING

L. K., Hammond, Ind.: For sucking cow take an old harness saddle, remove the bridging but leave the tail-strap, and fit tight around the cow's belly. The bridging must have shaft loops. Then take a ⅝-inch rope, tie one end to horn and fasten to tail-strap. Take the other end and fasten to the other horn, leaving about two inches in slack. Tie both ends so they cannot slip off the horns. Put the rope from the tail-strap through the shaft loops, so that she cannat get the rope over her back. If she sucks, tighten the rope. The rope may take up slack when wet, but when you get it right, do not readjust. I have tried this method with success.—E., Allegany, N. Y.

I will give a method for weaning a sucking cow that has been working successfuly in this locality. Take a ⅝-inch gas pipe and make a bridle bit of it. Drill it full of small holes and let the cow wear it all the time. The bit destroys the vacuum and she cannot draw milk.—H., Granby, Mo.

CAKED UDDER

Bathe the Jersey's caked udder every morning with hot water. She will like it. Take two parts lard and one part turpentine and mix. Grease the affected part night and morning for a few days, then once a day till well. As a preventive the cow should be milked a few days before coming fresh. If she has much milk wash the udder every three or four days with hot water and tar soap.—W., Clinton, Mo.

CHICKEN MITES

You cannot profitably raise chickens and lice in the same house. If the fowls have body lice, dust them with some good insecticide, remove and fumigate the house thoroughly, paint the roosts, nest boxes and furnishings with a good lice paint, sprinkle a generous amount of air-slaked lime on the dropping boards, provide new litter and nesting material, and your efforts will be rewarded in increased egg production and general thrift of your fowls.—Commercial Poultry.

VEGETABLE GARDEN IN JUNE

Tender plants may be set in the open without danger. Tomatoes, peppers and such plants should be planted at once. A delay at this season means retarding the maturity of the crop.

Put paper collars about tender-stemmed plants to prevent the cut-worms from killing them.

Som lima beans, putting the seed in edgewise. Make three sowings of string beans during the month to insure a constant supply of tender pods.

Sow radish and lettuce seed once a week to keep up a succession.

Cabbage, cauliflower and celery plants sown last month will need transplanting in beds; put them three inches apart each way.

Sow melon, cucumber and squash seeds, and transplant in the open the plants which were started on sods, or in pots in the cold frame.

Spray the beans and celery with Bordeaux mixture to prevent anthracnose, if there is much damp weather; and dust the peas with potassium sulphide to prevent mildew.

Make two sowings of peas of an early wrinkled variety for a late crop.

Spray the potatoes with Bordeaux mixture containing an arsenical poison to kill the potato bug and prevent blight.

If the seed is not already in, plant for the late crop of potatoes.

Provide the tomatoes with a support of some kind — trellises or stakes.

Stop cutting the asparagus as soon as the first peas mature — June 15 to 20; give the bed a good dressing of fertilizer and cultivate it. Late cutting tends to weaken the plants; they must have a chance to grow and store up food for next spring's crop.

As soon as the cutting of rhubarb stalks is over, give the ground a good dressing of manure.

Spray the cababge and cauliflower with a poison to kill the cabbage worm.

MANURE WATER

Manure water is excellent for plants, both as food and drink for vegetables and flowers. Do not put manure in a barrel and fill with water, but suspend the manure from the top in a burlap bag and draw off the water by a spigot in the bottom.

EARLY TOMATOES

If you want early tomatoes, prune out the surplus foliage severely and tie the vines up on stakes. A bunch of raffia is excellent for this purpose, as it does not cut the vines as strings will.

THE POULTRY LOT

As is well known, when the poultry droppings accumulate under the roosts and when they are left in barrels there is a strong odor of ammonia noticeable. The development of such an odor is a sure sign that gaseous ammonia is escaping into the air to be lost for the present. How to prevent such a loss is to prevent the development of the odor. Several chemicals of more or less fertilizing value in themselves may be added to the droppings from time to time with good effect both in stopping waste and in making the atmosphere of the henhouse more wholesome.

The best materials for this purpose are gypsum or land plaster, acid phosphate and kainit, a cheap potash salt. Each of these chemicals has the power of forming new compounds with the ammonia as fast as it is set free from the original combination. Wood ashes and slacked lime should never be used, because they canont combine with ammonia, while they do force it out of its compounds and take its place.

PEN OF CHICKENS.

Not enough attention is paid by the amateur poultry raiser to selection of chickens. Some chickens are best for laying eggs, others excel as meat producers. The small, lively, nervous chickens usually produce the greatest number of eggs, while the large, easy-going individuals make the best mothers and "lay on" the most meat.

Plaster is apt to produce a dry, lumpy mixture when used in large enough quantities to arrest the ammonia, while kainit and acid phosphate produce the opposite effect of a moist, sticky mass.

Using their results as a basis for calculation, the weekly droppings of a flock of 25 hens, when scrapel from the roosting platforms, should be mixed with about eight pounds of kainit or acid phosphate and a half peck of sawdust. If one desires a balanced fertilizer for corn and other hoed crops, a mixture of equal parts of kainit and acid phosphate could be used instead of either alone.

Good dry meadow muck, or peat, would be equally as good as sawdust, if not better, to use as an absorbent.

SOIL BEST ADAPTED FOR GROWING ALFALFA

By Professor C. B. Hutchison.
Department of Agronomy, Missouri College of Agriculture.

Alfalfa is one of the most important forage crops that the Missouri farmer is growing today. Its wide adaptability for feeding to all classes of farm animals, its high feeding value and its renovating effect upon the soil make it a very desirable crop to grow. In many sections farmers are realizing this and are sowing more of it every year. With the increased interest taken in it the characteristics and requirements of the plant are being better understood and it is now grown successfully in many sections where a few years ago it was thought impossible to grow it. Every year it is coming to occupy a more important place in system of farm management in those sections of the state best adapted to its productiveness, and there is no doubt that it will soon be grown to a greater or less extent all over the state. Alfalfa can be made to grow on practically every soil type in the state, but there are some on which it is not a very profitable crop.

A few years ago the experiment station, co-operating with the farmers of Missouri, started a number of alfalfa experiments covering all of the soil types of the state with the idea of determining the best methods of securing a stand on these different soils. The results of these experiments show that a distinct relation exists between soil types and the successful growing of this crop.

There are perhaps three essentials to the successful growing of alfalfa—drainage, rich soil and inoculation. This crop needs a deep, loose, well-drained soil. Alfalfa roots go deep into the soil and the plant gets moisture from below. For this reason it thrives so well on the semi-arid regions of the west. On wet lands where the underground water is near the surface the plants never do well and soon die. Alfalfa is not grown succesfully on our flat prairie soils, which are poorly drained. These soils are underlaid with a stiff clay subsoil in which the water level fluctuates, often rising on the roots and drowning out the plants.

Another requisite for the successful growing of alfalfa is rich soil. Especiany is this true in starting the crop. It may be started on thin land deficient in humus and nitrogen, but which contains a sufficient supply of mineral elements of plant food, but under such conditions it starts very slowly and will rarely produce profitable crops. In practically all such cases, however, crab grass and foxtail will come in so thickly as to crowd out the alfalfa before it can develop a good root system and become supplied with nitrogen-gathering bacteria sufficient to insure a healthy growth. In Missouri, where the conditions are not so favorable for alfalfa as in the west, it is necessary for the plant to get a good start from the first, and hence a rich soil is necessary for its growth. Alfalfa is a heavy feeder on nitrogen and phosphorus —two elements that are deficient in Missouri soils. It is also a rather heavy feeder on potassium, but there is an abundant supply of this element in most of our soils, so nitrogen and phosphorus become the limiting elements. On the upland soils, then an application of manure and in some cases manure supplemented with bone meal, has been found necessary to secure a good stand. Manure furnishes the young plant with nitrates until it can become well established in the soil and supplied with its own nitrogen-gathering bacteria. On the better soils, however, where the plant food has not been so depleted, a good stand of alfalfa may be secured without manuring or fertilization.

The third and perhaps the most important factor controlling the growing of alfalfa is inoculation. By inoculation is meant putting into the soil the nitrogen-gathering bacteria that live in the roots of the alfalfa plant and furnish a part of the plant food. Many soils on which alfalfa has never been grown do not contain these bacteria and hence it is necessary to supply them before the plants will thrive well. Inoculation is essential on practically all upland soils in Missouri. The most practical way for the farmer to inoculate his land is to scatter soil from an old alfalfa field over his ground before seeding. This may be applied at a rate of 300 pounds to 400 pounds per acre and should be harrowed in immediately, since exposure to light kills the bacteria. The bacteria which soil contains multiply very rapidly and soon the new field is thoroughly inoculated. If it is not practical to secure soil from an old alfalfa field some taken from patches of sweet clover found growing along roadsides or railways may be used. The same bacteria that live on this plant live also on alfalfa. There is no need of fearing to infect the land with sweet clover, as this plant is an annual and may be readily killed by mowing before the seed has matured. Artificial culture of these bacteria are now made which the farmer may secure, sprinkle over his seed and thus inoculate them in this manner. This method of inoculation is still in the experimental stage, however, and we have not found these cultures a success in every case, so that their use is to be recommended only experimentally. Only about 25 per cent of our fields on which this culture was used have shown any benefits from inoculation, while soil from old alfalfa fields has given results on 85 per cent of the fields inoculated in this manner. This may be due to the improper methods of handling, but the average farmer will secure better results by using the soil rather than treating the seed with this culture.

Perhaps a fourth essential to the production of alfalfa is abundant lime in the soil. In many of the eastern states an application of lime is necessary to secure a good stand. However, most Missouri soils except a few that are poorly drained, have an abundant supply of lime and our experiments show that only in a few cases is lime necegsary. It is sometimes beneficial for correcting the acidity of the soil, but only in this way. Lime is not a controlling factor in alfalfa growing in Missouri as in some states.

These experiments have shown that some solls of Missouri are much better adapted to growing alfalfa than others. In some sections it is a profitable crop to grow without an application of manure or fertilization. In other words an application of manure and bone meal has been found beneficial, while in still others manure is essential to its successful production. This is due to the fact that some soils are naturally much more fertile than others and some that were once fertile have been run down by continuous cropping for a number of years.

Alfalfa is best adapted to deep, loose, fertile and well drained soil. Probably the best soil in the state for alfalfa is the land which has from 12 to 15 inches of rich, black, sandy loam, preferably bottom soil, underlain with a layer of sand. Such soils occur along Missouri and Mississippi rivehs and it is on this soil that aifalfa reaches its highest development in Missouri. This land produces in favorable seasons from four to five cuttings, averagin gfrom one to one and one-half tons per acre to the cutting. A good stand is readily obtained in these sections with no soil treatment other than good preparation of the seed.

The next best alfalfa soils in Missouri are the heavier bottom soils along the creeks and rivers within the state. These soils, while fertile, are hardly so well drained as those underlain with sand, hence hardly so well adapted to alfalfa. However, where well drained, alfalfa is grown on these soils without manuring or fertilization.

The loose soil which comprises the river hills along the Missouri and Mississippi rivers is also well adapted to alfalfa. This soil is fertile, deep and well drained and usually contains a sufficient amount of nitrogen to produce good crops without the use of manure. This is the best upland soil in the state for alfalfa, and experiments in Andrew, Holt and Saline counties indicate thatin most instances manure is not needed. The loose soil, however, does not generally contain the nitrogen-gathering bacteria and responds readily to inoculation.

The next best alfalfa soil in Missouri comprises the prairies of the northwest part of the state. Our experiments indicate that most of the soils respond to an application of manure which, though not always necessary to secure a good stand, gives sufficient increase to make its use profitable. The humus and nitrogen content of these soils is somewhat lower than the bottom lands and hence manure will often give good results.

The northeast Missouri prairie soils do not generally grow alfalfa as well as those of the northwestern part of the state. Here the nitrogen content has been run so low by continued cropping that there is not a sufficient amount of nitrates present to force the young plants off well, hence an application of manure is necessary in most places in this part of the state to secure a good stand. The alfalfa on the untreated plots of our experiments on these solls seldom succeeds in becoming established and soon dies. An equally important factor, however, in this part of the state is drainage, many sections being too flat and poorly drained for alfalfa.

The poorest alfalfa soils in the state are found in south Missouri. The ridge lands of this section are the poorest and all our soils and hence are the least adapted to the growing of alfalfa. With the liberal use of manure and inoculation it can be successfully grown in many places, even on the slopes of the Ozarks. But generally speaking it cannot be said to be a profitable crop for this section. However, one field sown on a southern slope in Phelps county which has been standing for four years produced three cuttings last year, averaging a ton per acre to the cutting.

The Missouri farmer is learning to grow alfalfa quite successfully. With a better understanding of the requirements of the plant it is only a question of time until it will be grown in practically all parts of the state. In north Missouri it will be grown on practically all well-drained solls, while in southern Missouri its successful cultivation will doubtless be somewhat more restricted. It is generally true that the longer alfalfa is raised on any farm the more readily it grows and the easier it becomes for the farmer to get a stand. This is due largely to the fact that he learns better how to seed and handle the crop, and the land becomes more thoroughly inoculated and better adapted for growing alfalfa.

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In 1907, 80 acres oats, increase 16 bushels per acre and the grain weighed nine pounds more per bushel.

In 1908, 80 acres clover, increase of one ton per acre.

In 1907, 80 acres corn, increase 17 bushels per acre.

In 1908, wheat field, increase of 15 bushels per acre, paying a profit of $12.50 above the treatment for four years.

These figures are not taken from exceptional cases, but are normal crops under normal conditions. Many of the yields have been low, but the results from treatment have been so satisfactory as to encourage the belief that the proper methods are being used to insure a permanent fertility.—Frank I. Mann.

FORMS OF DAIRY COWS

It is hard to tell just the relation existing between dairy form and excellence in milk production. It is certain there is a somewhat well-defined correlation. To be able to produce great quantities of milk a cow must be developed in those parts where milk is made. The loins, shoulders, back and other portions of the body especially developed for beef are unnecessary as far as the production of milk is concerned. The parts of the animal most important in a dairy cow are the lungs and stomach, for disposing of an abundance of raw material; the udder, wherein lies the "machinery" for making of the food materials into milk; a good circulatory system for carrying the materials from place to place and a highly developed nervous system. Any one of these lacking will limit the milk supply

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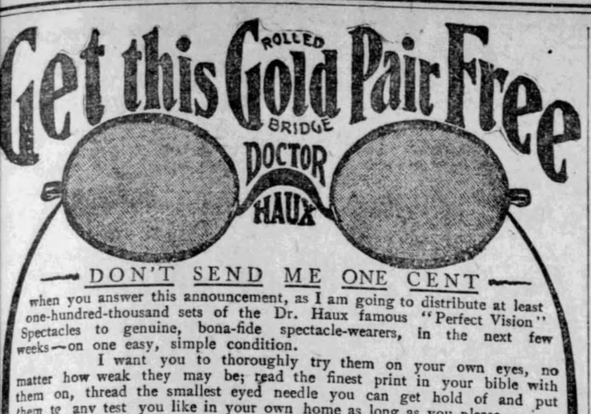

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ESKIMO'S SNOW HOUSE

How It Is Built—The Peculiar Spiral Arch.

Scientific American.

The Eskimo vault is a true dome; it exerts no outward thrust and requires no temporary scaffolding. It is also unique in that its material is not brick or stone, but snow.

The construction is used for the beehive shaped winter house of these so-called savages and is spiral in plan. A row of blocks is first laid on the ground in a circle—or more exactly, a polygon. Each of these has a slightly slant top and each thus raises its surface a little beyond the last, until when the circle is completed the gap in height between the last and first blocks closes the thickness for the following courses. In these the upper and lower surfaces of each block are parallel, as in a brick, but the gradual upward slant given by the first course is of necessity maintained.

Each successive round the snow blocks are leaned inward more by having their lower surfaces sliced off to a bevel. If set squarely on end they would tumble. For this reason the end of the block last laid is cut at an angle, the next following block has the joining slanted at the reverse angle. Thus it fits in behind the preceding and is prevented by it from slipping inward. As the house grows the circles become smaller, until at last only an irregular diagonal opening is left. This is filled by a wedge shaped block cut to shape. The last piece, however, not a keystone, as the remainder of the structure supports itself. The blocks of this snow are usually passed outside and handed for placing by the man on the inside. The last block is made to hold up with one hand, slices to shape with his ivory knife in the other and drops into position. He is then entirely enclosed in the vault. Only after the house itself is entirely completed does he cut out the low door, which, to keep out the cold as much as possible, is only big enough to crawl through.

A long, low tunnel is then built in front of the door to break the force of the Arctic's icy blasts. Even the window is presently cut. A small aperture is cut out over the door and filled with a pane of clear, thin ice. All that is omitted is flue on chimney. Whatever heat i sproduced by the seal oil lamps is wanted inside, warmth being a more serious necessity in the climate than ventilation or freedom from smoke.

No Sense of Direction.

New York Sun.

"People brought up in the city have no sense of direction," said a lawyer who was raised in the country. "In the camping and hunting seasons you will notice it is always they who are getting lost in the woods. In a recent case I had occasion to examine 14 or 15 witnesses as to the exact situation of an encounter between two men. They all lived within a few blocks of the place, the crossing of two streets, and knew their surroundings well enough to describe the buildings on all four corners, but whether the bank was on the northwest or southwest corner, or whether the trolley car from which they had all seen one of the men alight was going west or north they didn't have the slightest idea. And yet they were all intelligent enough to point out on the city map what corners they had in mind.

"In the country, on the other hand, it becomes a sort of second nature to know where the sun rises and sets, where it is at noon, and where the different winds come from."

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

BREAD RIOT

Will the Question Bureau please explain the causes of the bread riot in New York in 1837?—F. P., Ogdensburg, N. Y., and W. W., Canton, N. Y.

The bread riot in New York occurred February 12, 1837. On account of the financial policy of President Jackson, wildcat banks sprang up, the currency was inflated, and there was much extravagant speculation. Food was only to be had at very high prices, flour having gone up to $12 per barrel. Also a great fire had burned in New York two years before, destroying nearly 700 business and other buildings, covering about 13 acres in the heart of the city and causing a loss of $20,000,000. For some time the newspapers supporting Jackson had been denouncing the grain dealers as the cause of the famine prices, several leading commission merchants' names being published. On the day of the riot these papers announced a public meeting for the purpose of causing the lowering of the prices. Several speakers made furious addresses, inflaming the passions of the crowd, and when one of the stores of a commission merchant named Hart, was mentioned as a place where a large quantity of the food was hoarded, the crowd surged toward it. The police were swept away and beaten, and although two of the three iron doors held, the center one was battered in, and the people began throwing sacks of grain and flour barrels into the street, staving in and tearing open such as did not burst by their own fall. The police again attacked the crowd, but were repelled, and it was not until well on in the evening that a body of militia dispersed the mob, which had by that time thrown in the street about 500 barrels of flour and 1,000 bushels of wheat, the most of it relieving no one. Other stores were also broken into and some damage inflicted. The disturbance was attributed to the foreigners, but although the two ringleaders were foreign, four of the eight names signed to the call for the meeting were American, and the natives looked on at the mob without trying to assist the police.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Please give a sketch of the life of Albert J. Beveridge.—A. S. M., Petersburg, Ind.

Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, the United States senator, was born October 6, 1862. He worked his way through DePauw university and was graduated in 1885. For some time after his graduation he engaged in outdoor life on a western ranch, in order to improve his health, which had been somewhat impaired on account of his studies. When recuperated he entered a law office, where he soon became the managing clerk. For a few years after he became a member of the bar he associated with the proprietors of the same office, but later established an independent practice. He combined politics with legal work, identified himself with many important legal cases, and became known as an effective orator and campaign speaker. He never held public office until his election to the senate in 1899. After this he went to the Philippines and China, in order to make investigations concerning the condition of those regions, so that he would be well informed on the one of the most important question before our country at that time. As a result he took the side of those who wished to retain the islands.

EDMUND HALLEY

Please tell something of the life of Edmund Halley, who discovered the great comet.—A. W., Pico, Ky.

Edmund Halley, the English mathematician and astronomer, was born October 29, 1656, and died in 1742. He established for a certainty the motion of the sun around its own axis, fixed the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope by his observation of the occultation of Mars by the moon. Halley also was the author of a work in which he endeavors to account for that singular phenomenon by the supposition of the whole globe of the earth being one great magnet, having four circulating magnetical poles or points of attraction. For the purpose of making further observation relative to the variation of the compass, he set sail on a voyage in 1699, and having traversed both hemispheres, arrived in England in September, 1700. As a result of his researches he published a general chart, showing at one view the variation of the compass in all those seas in which English navigators were accustomed. He was next employed to observe the course of the tides in the English channel, with the longitudes and latitudes of the principal headlands, in consequence of which he published a large map of the channel. In 1703 Halley was elected Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford, and in 1719 he received the appointment of astronomer-royal at Greenwich, where he afterward resided, devoting his time to completing the theory of the motion of the moon. In 1721 he began his observations, and for the space of 18 years scarcely ever missed taking a meridian view of the moon when the weather was favorable.

ABYSSINIA

Will you please give a brief history of Abyssinia in The Blade?—W. R. W., Keswick, Va.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Abyssinia was visited by the Portuguese while on a search for the land of Prester John. It was broken up into small monarchies about the time the adventurer, Theodore, consolidated them into one kingdom. But in 1868 the British, under Napier, overthrew the kingdom. Following this were difficulties with Italy, and so a treaty of mutual protection was agreed to in 1889. The protectorate was abrogated by Menelik in 1893. At the present time the empire is divided into four kingdoms, while there are many outlying territories and dependencies.

THOMAS PARR

Will you give me a history of the life of Thomas Parr?—J. C. M., New Bethlehem, Pa.

Thomas Parr, or Old Parr, the English centenarian, was born according to tradition in 1483, and died November 14, 1635. He is supposed to have lived for 152 years. His home was in Winnington, near Shrewsbury, there he entered service in 1500, was married in 1563, and in 1588 did penance in the church of Alberbury for incontinence. In 1605 he was married again, and in the year of his death was sent to the court of the Earl of Arundel as a "piece of antiquity." The change of air killed the old man. It is more than dubious that the tradition as to Parr's age is correct.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR

Give a history of the organization called the Knights of Labor.—S. U. N., Brewster, Neb.

In 1869 a society was formed in Philadelphia by Uriah S. Stevens among the cloting cutters of that city. Its object was to protect the working classes and aid in the development of skilled labor, and from the first its founder cherished the idea of developing it into a National organization. In 1871 this first society was regularly organized as Local Assembly No. 1. A ritual was adopted, and the society was called the Noble Order of the Knights of Labor. All its workings and even its name were to be kept by members an absolute secret, under penalty of dismissal, all necessary public reference, as the announcement of meetings through the press, etc., being made by the use of five asterisks. In 1881 the name was made public. The order increased in Philadelphia until nearly all trades were represented in it, and branches were formed in many other cities. In 1878 a general assembly of North America was formed, with the supreme office of general master workman. As now organized the order consists of an executive board, composed of a president and three members, elected annually in October by the General Assembly. This assembly is composed of delegates from the district assemblies, which in turn receive funds and delegates from the local assemblies, all being subject to the executive board. The local assemblies are each made up, generally, of workers in one trade, but there are also mixed assemblies, which unite workers in various trades. The motto of the order is—"An Injury to One is the Concern of All." Its declared aim is to organize, agitate and educate, with a view to the final solution of the labor problem; also to improve the condition of the working classes, and to prevent injustice and tyranny on the part of employes. Any person over 18 years of age, who is of good standing in his trade, is eligible to membership without regard to sex, color, creed or nationality, unless he belongs to one of the "interdicted classes," i. e., bankers, brokers, lawyers or liquor dealers. The cost of membership consists of initiation fees, which are regulated by each local assembly for itself; monthly dues, regulated according to the needs of the assembly, and a small tax for the support of the general assembly. The order has an insurance branch, organized on the mutual benefit plan.

MIXING PAINT

Will you give a good recipe for mixing paint for either the outside or inside of a house?—D. S. A., Rosita, Colo.

Primary (first coat), the same paint is used for the first coat in inside and outside work. It should be as thick as can be worked well, and should be well spread. For the second, for outside work, mix the paint with raw linseed oil, as thick as can be readily spread over the surface. For the third, outside coat, mix the paint a little thinner. For inside work, the second coat should be mixed with raw oil and turpentine, about equal parts, and as thick as can be nicely worked. For the third coat, inside, mix the paint thinner than in the second coat, and use considerable more turpentine than oil. Paint, to last long, should be put on early in the winter or spring, when no dust is flying. Different colors are produced by the following mixtures: Buff—white, yellow ochre, red; chestnut—red, black, yellow; chocolate—raw umber, red, black; claret—red, umber, black; copper—red, yellow, black; dove—white, vermilion, blue, yellow; drab—white, yellow ochre, red, black; fawn—white, yellow, red; flesh—white, yellow ochre, vermilion; freestone—white, red, yellow ochre and black; gray—white lead; pink—white, vermilion, lake; peach—white vermilion; orange—yellow, red; olive—yellow, blue, black and white— violet—red, blue, white.

U. S. SIGNAL OFFICE

Can the Question Bureau explain how the work of the U. S. Signal office is carried on?—W. C. T., Hesperia, Mich.

The signal service was first organized for military purposes. In war it is very necessary that different parts of an army should be able to communicate readily and quickly with each other, and therefore a special service was organized, equipped with flags, torches, heliostats, telegraph and telephone lines, and other instruments of communication, and instructed in a code of signals, which, while intelligent to themselves, were meant to be a complete mystery to all others. Such a service has been attached to the United States army for many years, but the meteorological division of this service is of later creation. February 9, 1870, a joint resolution of congress first imposed upon the signal service bureau the duty of "giving notice by telegraph and signal of the approach and force of storms." The duty was cheerfully accepted, and under the chief signal officer, General Albert J. Meyer, was admirably performed. So quickly and well were its meteorological observations made that the new bureau won the confidence of scientific men immediately, and in 1874 the Smithsonian institution turned over its entire body of volunteer civilian weather observers to the direction of the signal service. The telegraph facilities of the service soon led to a new system, that of simultaneous weather observations and instantaneous reports. This gave the central office valuable data on which to base a scientific study of the weather, and lasting increased general confidence in its predictions. The network of signal lines now extends over the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico, including the West Indies, to the Canadian frontier, and daily reports are also received from the Canadian Dominion and its outlying posts. Perhaps the most important extension of the service is that on the western frontier. The system of telegraph communication here includes five divisions, the Arizona, the Texas, the Northwestern, the Washington Territory, and the New Mexico and Colorado divisions, having a total of over 6,000 miles of wire and about 140 stations. Tri-daily observations are taken at all the stations east and west at 7 a. m., 3 p. m., and 11 p. m., Washington time, and immediately put upon the wires. So nearly are these observations simultaneous, and so carefully are the differences of time calculated, that they are usually all concentrated at the central office within about 45 minutes. They include readings of the barometer and of exposed and wet-bulb thermometers; the direction and velocity of the wind; the amount of rain or snow fallen during the last twenty-four hours, and direction of movement of clouds, auroras, haze, fog, smokiness, frosts, etc., to which river stations add readings of the river gauge, and the seacoast stations the direction and character of the ocean swell. These data, received at the central office, are made the basis of draughting seven graphic charts, the first showing the barometric pressures, temperatures, winds and states of weather throughout the country; the second showing the dew points at all stations; and the third cloud conditions visible from the different reporting stations. The fourth and sixth charts show the normal barometric pressures and temperatures, and existing variations therefrom in the same general mode; and the fifth and seventh show the deviations or departures from the normal condition in these particulars, for the previous 24 hours. Armed with all this charted material, and taught by long experience how to reckon the probable course of storms, the signal officer proceeds to calculate the probabilities of the weather at the different points on his chart for the next 24 or 48 hours. These probabilities or "weather bulletins" are immediately sent by telegraph to all the stations, and made public through the daily press. Special "farmers' bulletins" are also printed and sent to small towns and villages along most of the railroads radiating from the chief cities of the Union, to be posted in some public place. If storms are to be expected, the display of a cautionary signal is ordered at each station of the bureau. The general soundness of the plan upon which the weather bureau works is shown by the fact that taking into account the entire 14 years of its existence, the percentage of verifications of its predictions has been over 85 per cent.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS

I would like to have you print in these columns a sketch of the early Saxons.—C. G. R., Island, Ky.

Anglo-Saxons is the general historic name given to the Angles, Jutes and Saxons, tribes of the Romans, of the Jutes first, coming from Schleswig, made themselves masters of Kent, part of Hampshire, and the Isles of Wight; the Saxons shortly after took the central and remaining northern parts of England; while the Angles, arriving in bands in 527 and subsequent years, settled in Norfolk and Suffolk, the country north of the Humber and lowlands of Scotland. These invaders, in the eighth century, divided the territory that they had gradually wrested from the Britons into seven states, known as the Heptarchy, and formed a federal league for mutual protection against foes from without, under a leader to whom the title of Bretwalda was given. These states were united in 827 by Egbert, King of Wessex, who thus became King of England, or the land of the Angles. The Anglo-Saxons were the dominant power in England from 449 to the Norman conquest in 1066, except during a short time the country was under Danish rule, from 1017 to 1042. They were converted to Christianity by Augustine, who was sent to England as a missionary in 596, by Pope Gregory I. The laws and customs of the Anglo-Saxons were derived from their German ancestors; but these were modified and improved by Alfred the Great, who laid the foundation of the unrivalled constitution of that country.

INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE

What is the international date line and of what use is it?—J. H. J., League, West Virginia.

This line is imaginary, and is drawn through the Pacific ocean somewhat irregularly, but tending in a general northerly and southerly direction and separating the Islands of the ocean in such a way that all those which lie to the east of it carry the same date as the United States, while all those which lie on the west of it carry the same date as Japan and Australia. The nature of this line may be made by the following illustration: A traveler leaves New York city at noon on Sunday and proceeds westward just as fast as the earth turns in apparent westward progress with such precision that he keeps it always directly south of him. It will be noon, therefore, at every place he passes. If, however, he asks the day of the week at every point of his journey he will be told that it is Sunday at all points in the United States, and even as far west as Hawaii. This cannot hold true indefinitely, however, because when he has gone entirely around the world and has returned to New York he will have been gone 24 hours and will therefore be told that it is Monday noon. Yet it has always been the same da to him, and there must have been some place on the journey where he was told for the first time that the day was Monday instead of Sunday. At this place, if he wishes to be in accord with the people he meets, he must arbitrarily change his day from Sunday to Monday. Mariners are in the habit of making the change upon crossing the 180th meridian from Greenwich, England, but this fact is of no service to us if we wish to compare the date carried on one of the Pacific islands with the corresponding date (say) at New York because the mariners pay no attention to the local dates on the islands that they pass. The ideal way to find out where the date actually does change would be to canvass the entire Pacific so as to find out what date is actually in use on every one of the islands at some given instant. A line drawn from pole to pole in such a manner as to keep all islands bearing one date on one side and all islands bearing the other date on the other side, would afford a perfectly definite basis for the comparison of dates, and would be the true "international date line." No such canvass has been made. As a general rule it may be said that the date now in use upon most of the different islands or groups is the date which results from the one carried there by the European or American colonists, and this date will presumably be different according as the colonists come from the east or the west. This is not true universally, however, because arbitrary changes are known to have been made in a number of cases. One example of this was in the case of Alaska. When it was purchased by the United States the date in use there was made to conform with the one used in our country.

CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL

Will you please give a description of the Chicago drainage canal in these columns?—H. C., New London, O.

The Chicago drainage canal is an artificial waterway constructed for the purpose of reversing the flow of the Chicago river, thereby preventing the city sewage from passing into Lake Michigan and contaminating the city's water supply. The canal extends from the south branch of the Chicago river to the Desplaines river at Lockport, a distance of 29 miles, and is of sufficient width and depth to provide for a flow of 300,000 cubic feet per minute. The expense of constructing the canal was borne by the Chicago drainage district, a territory practically covered by the city of Chicago. The right of way was paid for and cost over $3,000,000. The canal was authorized by a special act of the Illinois legislature. It was begun September 3, 1892, and opened January 20, 1900, at which time there had been expended on it $33,-525,691.20. A heavy price to pay for a cup of clean water.

TIBERIUS

Will the Question Bureau please give a sketch of the life of Tiberius?—F. L., Bradbury, Ill.

Tiberius Claudius Nero Caesar, the Roman emperor, was born 42 B. C., and died March 17, A. D. 37. He was the son of Tiberius Claudius Nero and Livia, who afterward married the Emperor Augustus. Brought up in the imperial household. Tiberius had, by his conquests in Germany and Gaul, gained the confidence of Augustus, by whom he was made a Roman consul. He was compelled to divorce his wife, Vipsania Agrippina, in order to marry Julia, the emperor's daughter, and shortly after the death of the emperor was formally adopted as his heir. It is said that the reign of Tiberius, although marked by a cruelty and infamy which could have been possible to only the most profligate and dissolute of men, was rendered less tyrannous than might have been expected by the strict maintenance of justice in matters of taxation and at times by a certain respect for the privileges of the senate and the rights of the common people, to be commended in an absolute sirit of despotism. The atrocious disregard of human life and liberty wherever his own private interests were at stake could, however, scarcely have been equaled.

MISCELLANEOUS

H. E. P., Ogdensburg, N. Y., and O. B. F., Canton, N. Y.—The Bureau cannot at this time answer your question.

G. C., Niobe N. Y.—The oil fields of Ohio are mostly in the north central part, Tiffin, Fostoria and other nearby towns being within these fields.

M. R., North Clymer, N. Y.—The Mediterranean ocean is salt, not fresh.

H. B. McClisterville, Pa.—Halley's comet was not visible to the naked eye last March.

W. R. Q., Scottville, Mich.—Jupiter is larger than Neptune, in fact it is the largest of all the planets.

F. C., Snow Camp, N. C.—In transit electricity loses some of its power on account of the resistance of the wire.

S. L., Magdalena, N. M.—A sketch of Stonewall Jackson was printed in this department recently.

G. W., Tryonville, Pa.—The house at Mount Vernon and its adjacent grounds were purchased by the Ladies' association from John A. Washington.

C. J. C., Woodville, Mich.—Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for anything you want to know about homesteads.

H. A., Eatonville, Wash. — Charles XII., of Sweden, died November 30, 1718.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant free homesteads can still be had in Mexico where many Americans are now locating. You need not go to Mexico, but are required to have five acres of fruit trees planted within five years. For information address the Jantha Plantation Co., Block 594, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. It is never hot, never cold. The health conditions are perfect.

No Medical Student.

The woman doctor was getting busy with her new chafing dish.

"Arrah, what's that funny-lookin', double-decked dish-pan for, m'am?" asked the new maid.

"Why, Norah!" exclaimed the doctor, astonished, "didn't you ever before see a chafing-dish? Now, I'm going to show you just what a Welsh rabbit is composed of."

"Faith an' ye're not, thin!" said Norah indignantly; "I'll have ye know right now that I'll be no accissory to your vivvysections, or post-morthims, ayether!"

WINCHESTER

Smokeless Powder Shells

The Patent Corrugated Head on Winchester "Leader" and "Repeater" shells absorbs the shock of the powder explosion instead of localizing it, as the old English way of metal lining does. That's why Winchester shells, with their modern patented construction, are so superior to ones made according to the English method of times long past. If you want the best shooting shells

ASK FOR THE RED W BRAND.

Bathtub for Mules

Popular Mechanics.

A CONCRETE bathtub some 40 feet long and a few inches more than four feet deep has been installed in the Henry colliery of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., at Plains, Pa., for the accommodation of the mine mules.

This mine improvement is built at the entrance of the mule barn. The long eared beasts are pretty tired when they conclude the day's work, but when they strike the bath all fatigue disappears and they rush in, crowding each other for the deepest place in the tub.

Directly over it runs a perforated pipe, and when the mules have disported themselves in the water in the tub the shower bath is turned on. The speed with which a mine mule will hurry to the barn when the day's work is over is proverbial, yet with all their desire to get the second meal of the day they have to be driven out of the bath.

One old fellow is said to take such delight that no amount of coaxing will get him to leave the tub until he has had at least ten minutes of the fun. Others will not leave the tub until the shower is turned on, and it seems that this feature is the most enjoyable. Some of them, the mine foreman says, will look at the attendants longingly and then swing their heads appealingly toward the spray pipe until some one turns it on.

The bath is expected to prolong the vigor and vitality of the mules. The driver boys are the only workers in the mine who are not absolutely in sympathy with the innovation, the bath keeping them in the mine 10 or 15 minutes longer than before, yet the enjoyment of their charges seems even to offset this inconvenience to a great extent.

T. R. Not Counted.

Chicago Evening Post.

"Owing to the fact that no one is at home at the Roosevelt Oyster Bay residence, Theodore Roosevelt will not be counted in the census." This cold statement of fact comes from the east. It probably was emitted by some icy statistical mind that did not realize how tremendous a loss was involved. Think of an enumeration of Americans that does not enumerate the first American. What a parody of arithmetic. What a hollow sham. There will be those among us who will not want to be counted, too. The only way we can forgive him for failing in this important duty of citizenship is to remember that he is at present engaged in making the United States look larger to Europe than any census man has even dreamt of doing.

Meester Marka Twain.

Dey say eet was hees job for joke
An' poka fun at seempla foke.
I don'ta ondrastan'.
I nevva read w'at's een hees book;
I only see da way he look—
I only know da man.
An' evra time he passa by
He mak a fun weeth seempla folk
Een mebba so dey lie.
Eees mebba so dey no could see
Eees smila from hees eye.
How moocha sweeta charity
Eees smila from hees eye.
An' now dat he ees gon' an' change
For nudder land dat eesa strange
I'm sorra as it can be,
I can baylieve dey dere are kind
To heem, poor stranger, as I find
Dat here he was to me.
—T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

Helping Out the Gun.

London Evening Standard.

Gadebusch, in the grand duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in celebration of the birth of the grand ducal heir decided to fire the regulation salute of 101 guns. An ancient cannon was hauled out for the purpose, and the firing began. Unfortunately the powder ran short after the 93rd shot, and there was no means of obtaining any more in the town. The burgomaster was in despair, especially as 93 shots indicated that the grand ducal baby was a girl. At this moment the municipal bandmaster came forward with a luminous proposal, which was eagerly accepted. He dispatched his big drum major to the market place, where he struck eight powerful strokes on his instrument to make up the 101 shots, and thus the situation was saved.

Bjornson's Triumph.

London Daily News.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the news of whose death has been received with deep regret throughout Europe, was once the subject of an involuntary compliment. He was asked on what occasion he obtained the greatest pleasure from his fame as a poet. He replied:

"It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiania and smashed all the windows. Because, when they had thus attacked me and were starting for home again, they felt they ought to sing something, and so they began to sing 'Yes, we love this land of ours.' They could do nothing else. They had to sing the song of the man whom they had attacked."

FIRST FLYING MACHINE FACTORY NOW IN OPERATION

Continued from First Page

two wheels—one for each of the propellers. One of these wheels is 4½ feet from the transmission wheel in the rear of the engine and the other is 9½ feet. This is because the engine does not occupy the centre of gravity on the lower plane, but is slightly to the right of it in order that when the operator takes his seat his weight will balance that of the engine. It will thus be seen that the two propellers are 14 feet apart. There are 600 square feet of canvas used on the aeroplanes, the front control and the rudders or veins. The gasoline can contains 13 gallons.

The engine used by the Wrights is one of the most interesting features of their flying machine. It is designed and built by themselves. Every engine maker who has ever seen it, pronounces it a marvel. Over 75 per cent of its power is transmitted to the propellers. It weighs but 180 pounds, yet it will generate from 38 to 40 horse power—more horse power for its weight than any engine ever built. It is 4¾ cylinder and 4-inch stroke and has water cooled aluminum jackets. It is a 4-cylinder upright, and makes 1,200 revolutions per minute. About 28 of its 40 horse power is used when flying. It has magneto alone. No carburetor is used, but instead a small gear pump is brought into play. This forces the gasoline into a vaporizing tube. The air is drawn in at the same time, making the proper mixture. The charge goes direct to the cylinder. As the tube is in turn heated by the exhaust from the engine vaporization is much quicker.

Water Caused Trouble.

The discarding of the carburetor greatly increases the efficiency of the engine, making it much less likely to stop while the aeroplane is flying. The carburetor was the cause of most of the troubles of Knabenshue, Beechy and the other aviators who used dirigible balloons. A drop of water would get into the needle valve and the gasoline supply would be choked off. Any water that now finds an entrance quickly goes through and comes out in the form of steam.

The engine coolers are made of tubing pressed to one-eighth of an inch. There are four rows of them and six in each row. This gives 24 pieces of tubing 5 feet high, or if stretched out, a row of tubing 120 feet in length. It might be imagined that the water in these coolers would heat and it quickly does when the engine is in operation on the ground, but once in flight the air keeps it cool.

The engine has three automatic pumps—one for gasoline, one for water and the third for oil. There are three operating levers. The one to the left of the aviator operates the front and rear control, and the one to the right controls the warping device and the real vertical veins. The central lever is used when the machine is carrying two operators. The aeroplane with engine and full equipment weighs 850 pounds and will carry four men.

The question might now be asked: Has the aeroplane reached the point where it is of commercial value?

There are several answers to that query. If the inquirer means to ask if the flying machine in its present development can compete with the railroad, the answer is no. You can't go to sleep in an aeroplane in Toledo and wake up the next morning in Cincinnati or Chicago. And it can't carry coal, or sandstone or lumber. It is not a freight car—at least not yet.

Capable of Evolution.

But if the inquirer wants to know if the machine will really fly either with or against a wind; whether it could make a trip of a score or more miles; whether it is comparatively safe? the answer is easily in the affirmative. Paulhan traveled in his machine the other day from London to Manchester, a distance of 180 miles, and Glen Curtiss made a trip from Albany to New York, a journey of 145 miles. The Wrights have remained in the air over one and one-half hours. This is equivalent to about 80 miles. When the first railroad engine was built it wasn't much of a success as a freight car or passenger carrier, neither was the first steamboat. The railroad trains and ocean greyhounds of today are evolutions of an idea. Wright's idea is capable of evolution.

The inventors have overcome the three difficulties which obstructed the pathway to success in flying machine construction. First—they have conquered the difficulty which relates to the construction of the sustaining wings. Second—those which relate to the generation and application of the power required to drive the machine through the air. Third—those relating to the balancing and steering of the machine after it is in flight.

The importance of the Wrights' invention cannot be overestimated. By means of their rudder, combined with their curved planes and the lateral warping their machines can do what no other flying device has ever done—they can travel through the air in a forward ascending or descending course. The equilibrium or lateral balance is maintained or restored as in the case of the bird. Aerial forces which tend to divert the course of the aeroplane are repressed and the machine guided both abliquely and horizontally.

Has Two Motions.

To get a full idea of what the Wrights have accomplished the reader may assume an aeroplane being propelled through the air when say the left wing becomes depressed through any cause. That will result in starting a revolution toward the left. This is the resultant of two motions; first, the forward motion of the plane, and second, the motion at right angles caused by the sliding of the machine laterally in its own plane and over the successive columns of air. The result is the same as any planetary motion and is accentuated by the movement of the centre of pressure toward the depressed lateral margin, giving a greater leverage to the propeller near the elevated wing. The vertical rudder becomes transverse in its reaction to the lateral motion of the aeroplane, and consequently the rudder is pushed up and by its leverage further turns the direction of the plane to the left. Thus the machine will begin to revolve to the left. This very motion will cause the right wing to be further elevated because of the increased drift, or head resistence caused by the increasing speed and the decreased drift against the left wing caused by its diminished speed. Thus in turn the initial depression causes a revolution and that in turn an increased depression with its corresponding acceleration of revolution, so on co-operating till the machine swoops downward to the left to its destruction.

This is what happened to the flying machines before the Wrights studied the birds and discovered a means of obtaining equilibrium. By connecting the tiller ropes to the warping device the rudder presents to the wind that side nearest the side of the aeroplane having the smaller angle of incidence and offering the least resistance to the atmosphere. The invention is a combination of which the action of the rudder is a part. Their combination corrects the depression of the left wing and thus increases the angle of incidence upon the left side, so increasing that component of the drift which is opposite to the action of gravity. Contrary to the beliefs of earlier speculators this has a different effect to what might be expected, because although the lifting component of the drift is increased, the head resistence is much increased and this decreases the velocity of the left wing in greater proportion than the increase in the angle of incidence tends to raise it. That revolution, already initiated by the very tilt itself is, therefore, increased by the differential in the angle of incidence between the two margins. The right wing, which has thus an added velocity relatively to the left wing, will, in spite of its lesser angle of incidence, rise more rapidly than the left wing. By putting the rudder over toward the right wing the revolution is counteracted, the increased angle of incidence on the left wing becomes effectual, and the left wing rises restoring the equilibrium of the plane.

Respond to Pressure.

It seems almost incredible how easily the device of the Wrights produces the equilibrium. Their rudders and warping scheme respond instantly to the least pressure on the levers in the hands of the operator. The flying machine goes through the air with or against the wind in perfect equilibrium the planes being as rigid as steel and perfectly horizontal. The other day Orville Wright, in testing out one of his machines, sailed through the air like a great bird, going in all directions and having the machine in perfect control at all times. He cut figure eights, turned sharply and returned in his tracks, arose to a height of 1,500 feet, and then came down and swooped along within 10 feet of the surface. Once he saw an Ohio Electric interurban car coming toward him, and speeding toward Dayton at a rate of 35 miles an hour. He was 1,000 feet in the air at the time. Like a giant falcon he made a graceful curve downward, judging the distance perfectly. He kept on descending until he was about on a level with the passengers in the car and began racing with the motorman. He contested with the electric car for about a mile easily defeating it, and then, tiring of the sport, he sailed off with a sweep to the left and returned over the heads of the spectators.

No one who watched that wonderful flight could doubt the future of the aeroplane. The germ is there, the secret of equilibrium has been grasped and evolution will do the rest.

He can fly to Cincinnati or Indianapolis any day now. No one doubts that. The machine, as it now stands, is not nearly so crude as was Stephenson's locomotive or Fulton's steamboat. The Wrights are young men with many years of usefulness before them, and they will greatly perfect it. Other inventors will help. In time the spruce wood will be discarded to make way for something stronger. The balloon canvas will also go and the gasoline engine will be perfected. Even the Wright engine is a wonderful improvement over any in use. The metal is baked in an oven under terrific heat and when cooled the cylinders are "set" and do not warp under the heat from the gasoline explosions.

It is predicted that within 10 years men will be flying all over the country for sport and recreation. Everyone thought the automobile was a toy 10 or 12 years ago. Now it is a necessity, and a decade hence we will be so accustomed to hearing the chug of the gasoline engines as the aerial craft passes over our heads that we won't take the trouble to look up.

More Than Mechanics.

No one in Dayton thought that the Wright brothers, working away in their little Third street bicycle shop, would have hit upon the secret of human flight. They were looked upon by the townspeople as simply practical mechanics, but they were more than that, for they had laid the foundation of both a practical and a liberal education. They mast

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1910.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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It flatters some men to have women make fools of them.

Science has its limitations. It cannot put salt on a comet's tail.

Dr. Eliot says eating is a respectable pleasure. And it is also quite popular.

Some men have honors thrust upon them and others buy members of the legislature.

It seems never to have occurred to Kansas to raise less wheat and more harvest hands.

What a lot of unhappy people there would be in the world if all dreams should come true.

If King George goes to work at 7 o'clock every morning what's the use of being a king?

As an evidence of good faith the name of the bridegroom is still given in wedding stories.

President Taft likes Washington as a place to go after he has traveled a few hundred miles.

Who says college professors never accomplish anything? One in Chicago has isolated an ion.

A Boston court has enjoined a woman from talking. Worse than a year in jail on bread and water.

President Taft is in favor of good farmers and good cooks. They certainly make a great combination.

Among the advantages an optimist has is that of eating cucumbers without fear of deleterious results.

President Taft is in favor of the Fourth of July, but he wants it to be of the safe and sane variety.

A New Jersey man and woman walked 40 miles to get married. It is believed they were in earnest.

Champ Clark expects to be speaker of the next house. But can he hope to be generally regarded as Uncle Champ?

Owing to the increased cost of butter and eggs Emperor William's salary has been raised from $3,925,000 to $5,175,000.

Glenn Curtiss is not flying for his health. He didn't make his $10,000 flight because the doctor recommended it.

American ministers of the gospel receive an average salary of $633 a year. That doesn't seem to be a very loud call.

Pauline is the name of the new White House cow. Of course it would never do to call the President's cow Boss.

Mr. Carnegie urges the people to live within their incomes. He has tried it and finds that he suffers no inconveniences.

After being given the freedom of London Mr. Roosevelt proceeded to give the British government a bit of advice.

Men who were afraid of Halley's comet are now ready to admit that they would rather have it than cholera morbus.

The Democratic party can never have harmony until it does what Mr. Bryan tells it.

Character is what a man is. Reputation is what the people think of the man who buys a United States senatorship.

Any man who abuses a defenseless horse should be introduced to a mule that understands the law of self-preservation.

The Jonah-whale controversy has been revived. We suspect that it means the organization of a new religious sect.

Stirring up the animals is Mr. Roosevelt's specialty. Therefore he has reason to regard his London speech as a great success.

John D. Rockefeller has given away his dogs, two hundred of them. He must have felt that he was not poor enough to keep them.

The Greek costume, which one man wants to introduce in this country, will never become popular. There is no place for a hip pocket.

The American girl who married a Japanese has gone to Reno, where love's young dreams are quickly dispelled by order of the court.

The President's new private secretary is expected to do a lot of work, but he will not be asked to milk Pauline, the White House cow.

College girls have decided that the typical man must have brown eyes, curly hair and at least $2,000 a year. Can't they cut out the curly hair requirement?

It is said England's new queen is a woman who likes to have her own way, and she is taller than the king. Looks as simple as the proposition that two and two make four.

According to the census reports there are 33,000,000 church members in the United States. Persons who argue that the world is growing worse should study these figures.

An astrologer predicts that King George's reign will last no longer than five years. If he is as poor a guesser as the majority of astrologers the new king is destined to ripe years.

THE CYCLE OF FREIGHT RATES.

The railroads have added about $100,000,000 a year to their expenses by raising the pay of their employes. They propose to make it up by raising the freight bills of shippers from $250,000,000 to $500,000,000 a year.

A railroad president has recently attempted to reassure the consuming public with the announcement that the increased rates would fall upon the middlemen, of which, he declared incidentally, there are far too many. That might be all right if the boosted rates halted with the middlemen. Just as the railroads grab a double handful to take the place of the single handful given to workmen, the shippers will add from forty to a hundred per cent to their prices to cover their boosted expenses of from five to twenty-five per cent. Observe the cycle through which the domestic arrangements of the railroad employe travel. Because of the high cost of living he demands and obtains a raise of pay. The railroad, to overcome this loss, takes its employe's wages—and a little more—out of the pockets of the shippers. The shippers, in turn, add this to the prices they charge for beef or for woolens—and something more. The railroad workman enjoys the better income only so long as the adjustment is in process. After that he is worse off than before.

Somewhere in the cycle there should be a halting place. Otherwise we will have a continuous performance in which employe pursues employer, employer chases shipper and shipper snatches at the coat-tails of the employe who started the hunt. Now, the country believes that the President and the department of justice believe that the halting place should be with the railroads. For one thing the shippers cannot be reached. For another reason and the most important one, the railroads have been earning immense returns and paying, in several instances, comfortable dividends upon watered securities. Furthermore, the chances for big earnings are increasing. Before the decline comes in the present era of prosperity, enormous profits will be taken in by the transportation industry. The railroads can afford to accept without complaint a much larger demand upon their treasuries than that made by their workmen.

RAILROADS VS. UNCLE SAM.

It is war now between the federal government and the railroads.

The importance of the present struggle can scarce be exaggerated. The railroad corporations have been growing more and more powerful. They have controlled and sometimes conducted state administrations. They have, at times, been able to make Washington meekly do their bidding. From political power they have advanced to plutocratic power. And with each step they have been developing a more imperious air, a greater contempt of authority.

The fight that is waging is between lawyers of exceeding shrewdness, the highest salaried body of men in the world, except kings, and lawyers not so well trained, not so resourceful and untiring and paid scarce a penny to their opponents' income of dollars. But beyond the lawyers, in the background, are other forces, constituted of the staffs of the railroads on one side and the army of consumers upon the other. It is to be questioned if either side will accept a defeat humbly. Should the railroads lose they will make every effort to gain the ground they seek by hook, by crook, by fair or by foul. The railroads were never in more deadly earnest. Should the public be defeated the discontent will be aggravated, the resentment will be louder against the battlements of money and more specifically directed.

THE FUEL OF 2050.

Robert H. Fernald, of the United States geological survey, made the prediction in Toledo last week that, at the rate coal is now consumed, the available supply of the United States will be exhausted by 2050.

This prophecy would carry a louder note of alarm if other sources of energy and heat were not now being developed and experimented with. The country is becoming exceedingly interested in the harnessing of streams for the production of electric power. The interest is so intense that the subject has gained its scandals and its set of fire bell journalists before one-tenth of 1 per cent of all the water power of the country has been put to use. As a rule these follow development instead of forming themselves as the advance guard. In southern California and in the desert land of Arizona and Nevada inventors have attained notable success in making the rays of the sun pump water and drive machinery. In one of those inspiring speculations which come only too seldom from the pen of Thomas A. Edison, the prediction is made that long before the full power of electricity has been realized, man will have found a way to take energy and heat from the ether waves.

For many other reasons this generation need not worry lest it reduce the world to a cold and fueless sphere for the generation of 150 years hence.

A PROBLEM FOR SMILES.

In the highly sermonish works of Samuel Smiles which fathers used to give to their sons upon the attainment of the fourteenth birthday, it was shown by history and anecdote that the most handicapped could rise by industry and thrift to such greatness as lord mayor, shipowner or the founding of a Bon Ton Shoe company. It was the procedure of the author first to picture the humble beginning, then the gradual elevation and to close the tale of final glory with a masterly moral flourish.

We wish the learned and Christian Samuel Smiles were living in this more complex age and could read the letter written to Governor Harmon by a bootblack. The letter is thus described by the Columbus Dispatch:

He says that he works 16 and 17 hours a day and he appeals to the governor to borbid all shine stands from opening before 7 in the morning and to require them to close at 7 in the evening and to remain closed on Sunday. He said that he would like to go to night school, but he cannot do this because of his long working hours.

Could Dr. Smiles, believing absolutely in individual effort and responsibility, figure a way out for this bootblack? Could he keep him at his long task and give him the schooling he craves unless he asked him to do sums in his sleep? Could he hope for this lad and still frown on organization which would cut down the working hours, demand a decent standard of living and provide the means for education?

While the doctrine of individualism prevailed the questions of life were easy things to brush aside. An anecdote concerning a successful city merchant served as broom for the purpose. It is different now. The questions of life involve not merely the boy who can struggle out of poverty, but also the boy who cannot. If people are smug of soul on the other side of death, Samuel Smiles compliments himself upon departing before he was asked to crack nuts too tough for him.

THE EXPLOITATION OF ALASKA.

The prospector in Alaska made money, when he did make it, in the cleanest, manliest way in the world. The gold he took from creek bed and seaside marsh was at the risk of freezing to death, of starvation, of sudden and violent death. It was a heroic thing to have gone into the wilds of Alaska and, when fortune came to the gold-seeker, everyone was happy to compliment him. But behind the prospector has come a horde of exploiters, of agents with power of attorney to lay claim to a mountain side, of thugs hiring their criminality to unscrupulous capital, of politicians hungry for graft, of gobblers of land and mineral, of financiers greedy to the point of ferocity. Alaska is Butte, Mont., again, but upon a greater scale of appalling scandal.

The delegate from Alaska has shed so much light upon the alliance between the territorial government and the exploiters that congress, willingly or not, must shortly undertake an investigation. And such an inquiry, it is to be feared, will leave a coating of tar upon great banking houses, statesmen now in fair standing with their constituency, railroad and mining promoters and public officers from constables to those who govern states. The trail to Washington has been indicated by the disclosures in the Ballinger hearings. Those to London, to New York and to Lansing, Mich., are not so well marked, but the stench of them is indicating their torturous course.

Throughout the warfare in Montana between conscienceless capitalists, each with his company of desperadoes, crooked judges and corrupt juries, cattlemen lived peacefully, merchants traded honorably and enterprise was promoted without taint of villainy. Butte was not all of Montana. So it is in Alaska. There are agriculturists, miners and merchants whose hands are unsoiled of wrong-doing. The claimants by "power of attorney," the gang-leader, the thief of London, New York, Seattle and Michigan represent only that which is a relatively small part of Alaska. It is for Washington to help the decent citizens of Alaska to drive the wolf pack out of the territory.

MR. HEARST ON HISTORY.

With his habitual misrepresentation, William Randolph Hearst thus comments upon Theodore Roosevelt's most recent speech concerning British rule in Egypt:

If Roosevelt is right, then our revolutionary war was a mistake; the Boston tea party a treasonable act, and Lexington and Bunker Hill the murderous violence of revolutionists.

There could hardly be a more difficult task than attempting—with truth upon the lips—to draw a parallel between the situation in Egypt and that before the battle of Concord. Those who are struggling for native rule in Egypt are the reactionaries of reactionaries. They would have their land turn back to the bloody centuries when the few were powerful and the many steeped in misery, when there were more slaves than freemen, when the extremest of Moslem fanaticism was varied with Moslem cruelty. The present agitation is but the adroit political advantage taken of the unrest throughout the east and has no other relationship with the revolutionary struggles in Turkey and Persia. It is not a movement for progress. It is one to overthrow a government better than the native has ever conceived of, or ever experienced, or is even capable of. It is one for a return to mediaeval barbarity.

To compare the woes of Ireland with those of Egypt is to put the Irishman's intelligence and ambition and patriotism upon the same plane with the ignorance, the lust and murderous instinct of the Egyptian fellah. If Hearst's interpretation of history is correct, the revolutionists in America did not fight to establish a nation of their own, but to gain the lawlessness and the license of the aboriginal Indians.

DRAWING OUT HARMON.

A campaign in tennis shoes could never appeal to William Jennings Bryan. Treading lightly in politics means with him to use hand grenades where big guns had been employed before.

Bryan issued a demand upon Governor Harmon for a "show-down" on his candidate to succeed Senator Dick. The governor has dodged. He has declined to commit himself, believing that he would thus commit his party in Ohio and endanger the chances of bringing about the election of a Democrat. It is to be suspected that Bryan knew all along that Harmon would conceal his plans. He understood the governor and could count upon him to spread his fists over the cards. To lead him out upon such an incidental affair as the senatorial election was to give opportunity for the drawing of a sharp and distinct line. Upon one side would be placed the conservative, the special-interest and reactionary Democrats of which Harmon is the most typical examples now in office. Upon the other side could line up the radicals, of which Bryan is the voice if not the head. The call upon Harmon was a test of the governor's quality for boldness. If the test did not result to the satisfaction of Bryan we are greatly mistaken.

Should the Democrats in 1912 make the national running with another Alton Brooks Parker, the candidacy of Judson Harmon looms high above every other possibility. But the picking of such a candidate will be against the wish and influence of Bryan. And as he indicates his liking or his opposition so will many thousands of Democrats cast their votes.

THE OLD SOLDIERS.

In every generation there have been old soldiers. But in no other generation in America than this have these two words borne such significance in respect and honor, been so meaning and definite. The Old Soldier is he who carried arms for the salvation of the union, he who suffered wounds and sickness and unspeakable weariness in a cause so idealistic that a more sordid, a more selfish age, gropes in darkness to understand. Among us are veterans of other wars, some of them fought over mysterious quarrels and in places the names of which fall strange upon the ears. There are soldiers who passed through the bitter campaigns against the Cheyenne and the Apache. And later the Spanish war and the conflict in the Philippines added great numbers to those who had experienced military service. Yet we can think of none of these—the soldier from outland parts, the veteran of Indian wars and the campaigner in Cuba and Luzon—as old soldiers. Whatever their age, whatever their suffering may have been, they will never command that description while those are living who have known the men of the civil war. There is but one Old Soldier.

Deeper become the furrows that are mowed in the ranks of the Grand Army. Each year fewer respond to the beat of drum which once stirred every fibre of being. The number of graves to strew with flowers increases in legions as the number of soldiers to strew flowers falls away. The Grand Army that is, is fast approaching the hour when it will be the Grand Army that was. But if ever men, of their strength and unswerving will, made a principle immortal, this army will never die. Its nobility will live though every heart of it is stilled.

CURTISS AS PIONEER.

In point of distance covered, the aeroplane flight made by Glenn H. Curtiss on Sunday was about 50 miles short of the London-Manchester journey of Louis Paulhan. But in point of daring, of dangers encompassed and difficulties overcome, Curtiss has established a record which throws Paulhan's into deep shadow. The Curtiss flight will stand as one of the monuments of aerial navigation. It was not a mere test of endurance, of engine driving, of speed attained and space conquered. It was instead a trial for the aeroplane in the face of peril and obstacles and a measure of the cold nerve of an areonaut. The flight in England was as a walking tour by green pastures compared with an explorer's march through an unmapped mountain region.

This flight is the first in this country of what may be properly termed long distance voyages. It is the only one which can stand beside Paulhan's achievement in England. In dramatic quality it exceeds the Bleriot trip across the English channel. It will prove, undoubtedly, a great stimulation to distance flying. The Wright brothers at Dayton are training a corps of aeronauts and among these may shortly appear men with as great courage as Curtiss has, more venturesome and eager for fame. From Albany to New York, within a few months, might seem as unimportant a voyage as Fulton's steamboat voyage seems today. When the aeroplane engine is developed to the efficiency of the automobile engine trips half the continent wide will be attempted to be followed by the ambitious attempt be first to cover the 4,000 miles between the Atlantic and Pacific. Curtiss has indicated such possibilities.

ANOTHER TEXAS REVOLUTION.

Decided progress is being made in the Panhandle with regard to practical aplication of the methods of dedicthful farming. Farmers who come here from other sections find that the soil is good and the growing season long.—News Correspondence from Texas.

It is scarce 15 years ago that a party of government meteorological experts went into the Panhandle of Texas to make a test of the old theory that explosives could bring about a fall of rain. They went there because the rainfall was slight and there was plenty of room in which to fire gunpowder and to touch a match to a fuse connected with a balloon of hydrogen gas. The Panhandle was a wasteless tract, breeding coyotes and a high proficiency in profanity among the mule team freighters. And earlier still it was included within the territory over which the geographers sprawled the name "Staked Plains." Did a band of outlaws rob a train they were supposed to have fled to the Panhandle. When a cattleman became lost his friends discussed the chance of his ever being able to get out of the Panhandle. The hot winds that blew over Kansas and blighted its greatest boom came from the Panhandle. Everything that spelled woe, in short, was connected with that lonesome, waterless corner.

The republic of Texas was founded by a band of straight-shooting dreamers. But among all their visions and in all their grandiloquence was no thought that farmers would ever be cultivating corn or digging potatoes in the Panhandle.

THE LIFE LABORS OF DR. KOCH.

Dr. Koch, the bacteriologist, whose death was chronicled the other day, worked with a problem so vast that it was scarce understood even by one in a hundred thousand of those for whom he devoted his life. Through the ages men have learned to recognize fully the courage of the great soldier. They grasp the nobility of the peace maker. They can show their appreciation fittingly for the poet and the singer. But for him who labors to heal the whole of the human race no adequate tribute has been found as no just realization of the mightiness of the task is possible.

Three great achievements were performed by Dr. Koch. He made it possible for every physician, for the tyro of the medical school, to identify the bacillus of tuberculosis. He discovered the germ of Asiatic cholera. He verified the finding of the bacteria which caused the sleeping sickness of Africa. To gain even a glimpse of the significance of these deeds it must be recalled that medicine for centuries largely treated symptoms and guessed at causes. Dr. Koch dug for the bed rock of disease. He sought its origin and this origin made plain, it became possible to wage a warfare against the ills of the flesh that can count upon ultimate victory. Physicians, philanthropists, humanitarian societies, the charitable folk of factory and field and office, the states and national governments, can battle with tuberculosis sanely and wisely because through Dr. Koch they know its cause. The Asiatic cholera can be distinguished from diseases with which it might be confused, can be driven back and vanquished since Dr. Koch pointed out its cause. The sleeping sickness, too, is now dealt with by the light of understanding inasmuch as Dr. Koch made certain its beginning.

The bacteriologist is a new kind of genius, a new benefactor and hero. When monuments are raised to men who talked well, or wrote entertainingly, or organized a mob, or killed off a large number of fellow-creatures it is a puny and pitiful thing to carve marble to the memory of such a one as Dr. Koch. How shall due credit be given his career by the living? This generation, at least, does not know.

THE DUST-THROWERS.

A record for independence is more valued today by the congressman seeking re-election than a pearl of great price. The one with a clear chart need but point to the emblazoned certificate of his behavior in congress and let the election take its course. For those who worked with the Cannon machine the task of winning votes is, on the other hand, to be one of infinite difficulty. In such a strait these candidates may be beheld leaning upon the arts of subterfuge, taking refuge in denunciation and extreme dignity, or impudently grabbing up the cloak of manhood and throwing it about their own shoulders.

Representative Townsend is making a campaign in Michigan for the seat of Senator Julius Caesar Burrows. In casting about for a political policy which might possibly prove interesting to the people who are to instruct their legislators, Mr. Townsend has chosen to pose as a progressive. This representative has done something in the way of furthering railroad legislation, but after that his progressiveness stumbles. If Townsend is an insurgent, as he has been telling the folks in Michigan, then so also are John Dalzell and Sereno Elisha Payne. Senator Burrows said that his state could thank Aldrich for every favor it has obtained. Yet Burrows is entitled to strut about as a progressive if Townsend is one.

The dust-throwers may win a few elections this fall. But the game is playing out. Cold facts are asked for where fancifulness was accepted heretofore.

SWAT THE FLY.

All is food that falls within sight of the house-fly. He is a glutton and has no epicurean fancifulness or discrimination whatever. Worst of all he puts his feet in the food and his feet are so peculiarly constructed that they make the most admirable carriage for bacteria which could be wished for in the world that microbes inhabit. As a result the minute organisms of disease which may be in offal, in polluted ditches, gutters and drains, in alleys and streets and dark and dirty corners, are transported to the tables and living quarters of human beings. There they propagate and there constitute a continuous peril to health and life.

A species of the mosquito family is charged with responsibility for all outbreaks of yellow fever. When the mosquito is guarded against, its breeding place made dry or covered with oil, the epidemics cease. It is the fly which does possibly more than anything else to carry the germs of typhoid fever. Until the fly is treated as an agent of trouble typhoid fever will be a constant menace. It cannot be wholly conquered.

Remember that the feet of the fly are unclean—and swat him and drive him away. His food should not be your food.

AERONAUTICS NEARING THE COMMONPLACE.

As it was predicted, the flight made by Glenn H. Curtiss from Albany to New York, has proved a boom for aerial voyages over long distances. There is now in course of promotion a competitive fight between New York and Washington and there is talk of another from the Atlantic shore to St. Louis.

The Curtiss achievement may take the wind out of the flying machine show business. For a time the dirigible balloon was a strong drawing card for national exhibitions and then for county fairs. The managers of these institutions at present demand the flying machine and will have little to do with the dirigible aeronauts. There has been prospect for great profits in the exhibition of aeroplanes and one company, at least, has been hastening construction and the training of experts in order to reap this harvest. But an aeroplane maneuvering over a square mile or so of territory, while highly interesting, is eclipsed in point of thrill and dramatic qualities by the sight of birdmen racing from horizon to horizon.

Aerial navigation is progressing at phenomenal speed. There is scarce a pause for rest, much less a halting place between advances wherein consideration may be taken of gains made. The exhibition game may play out rapidly and these early distance contests may soon seem trivial. Tomorrow the aeroplane is to be a commonplace.

MEAT FOR PANAMA KNOCKERS.

Earth slides in the Culebra cut have harassed the engineers at Panama. They have interfered with the work of getting the canal bed down to its final level and, in the case of one slide, four days had to be given to removing the debris.

This news, one may easily guess, is welcomed in certain quarters as a holiday finds welcome in a school. It is raw material for the view-with-alarmists. It is meat and drink and intellectual stimulation to the I-told-you-sos. Among the old-time railroad officers, those whose visions were borrowed from Collis P. Huntington, these slides are accepted as warmly as if they were accidents upon rival lines. The engineers with schemes to sell which wouldn't sell, will be wakened to new energy of voice and pen. That part of the press which is still squirming away from responsibility for its lies in connection with the purchase of the French rights at the isthmus will charge their guns anew with this report from the Culebra cut.

There is just one thing which spoils the treat. The dispatches indicate the smallness of the slides, since one of the most troublesome of them took only four days to remove. It is extremely hard to stretch four days into four years with any convincing air.

TAFT AND HISTORY.

The critics of the national administration have expanded upon an early assertion of one of them that the Roosevelt politics had been cast out of the executive offices. They point to Taft's failure to quarrel with Cannon, to Taft's acceptance of the services of Aldrich, as proof that the Roosevelt policies have gone by the board.

Throughout Roosevelt's administration there was no open break with congress. When Cannon became speaker, and after he had adopted a habitual attitude of unfriendliness toward every suggestion from the White House, there was still no quarrel. The two met upon plans of outward cordiality. Aldrich and Roosevelt thoroughly disliked each other. Is there one speck of evidence that they ever came to the point of controversy?

The opponents of the Taft administration are complaining, as a matter of truth, because Taft doesn't do that which their admired Roosevelt wouldn't himself do. But then what does a knocker care for facts or for history?

ZEALOTS OF PROTECTION.

The doctrine of protection is a clearly cut economic principle. History furnishes the demonstration of its efficiency. It is a theory only when people choose to ignore facts. Yet convinced as we are of the influence which protection has had upon the building of this country, of its making and nourishing of prosperity and a high standard of living, The Blade is yet a long way from being willing to bow down to the tariff as a divinity. This paper cannot respond to the piteous appeal of the American Economist, which asks us to give support to such drivel as this warning it issues to the friends of protection:

They will have to stop talking about schedules that they fear are too high, and stop saying that they are willing to see every schedule, excepting their own, reduced.

It will not do to say that the tariff ought to be taken from all food articles, for if they do say this the farmers are sure to have something unpleasant to say about the tariff on manufactures.

It will not do to take sides against the cotton schedule, or the woolen schedule, or the lumber schedule, or the hosiery schedule, for in such case the friends of these schedules will be in no humor to support the particular schedules which the objectors are most interested in.

To the American Economist the stand-patter is the communicant of a church whose god is the protective tariff, sacred, a whole box of theologies in the act of a single congress. All of which is to subscribe to a most mischievous and reactionary form of nonsense.

THE ENDLESS LEGISLATION.

The passage of the railroad bill will not end the railroad legislation. The great transportation interests joined with the great financial houses to make a problem for themselves and a more perplexing one for the country. It is undoubtedly true that this kind of legislation acts as a disturbing factor in the business world. But it is labor that must be gone through with—and there is nothing for business and industry to do but to clench their jaws together and wait, with as much forbearance as possible, for the ordeal to be over.

The railroad bill as passed by the senate is considered a distinct improvement upon the house measure. It has been handled by more astute students, and there was less of the distraction of politics to interfere with discussion. It may be many weeks before the nature of the bill is fully understood, even by those most affected by its provisions. That it represents advance is evidenced by the fact that the only votes cast against the bill were from the hide-bound wing of the Democratic party, to whom the giving of support to a Republican policy is but just short of treason and high crime.

Yet after this railroad bill becomes a law there will be more big railroad bills. They are as unavoidable as they are undesirable. This problem is in the back part of the arithmetic of economics.

THE SEA-GOERS.

The merchants were stirred to bitter grumbling a few years ago by the work of a statistician who showed by his tables and totals that Americans, traveling abroad took millions of dollars out of the country. The grumbling is no longer heard perhaps because it does no good.

The tide of the annual exodus to Europe will be higher this year than ever before. It will be higher than that in the great prosperous year of 1906, when advice to stay at home and economize seemed trivial. The steamship companies with sailings from New York will carry more than 17,000 passengers in the month of June. From Philadelphia and Boston will depart hundreds. The wave of travel will fall away in July, but will still be greater than in any previous July. Toward the end of August the tide will be setting westward.

The merchant instead of groaning over the money lost to America now packs his trunks and goes along.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

HEATHEN WOMAN'S PRAYER

International Sunday School Lesson for June 12 Is, "The Canaanitish Woman." Matthew 15:21-28.

By William T. Ellis.

I once knew a man who had, successively and unsuccessfully, asked six women to marry him. Of course they refused. They were right. Any man who will let six women reject him cannot want any one of them ardently enough to insure acceptance. In all realms of life the Jesus-principle runs, "According to your faith be it unto you." They who expect great things—and are willing to work and wait for them—always get great things. This beautiful and pathetic old story of a heathen mother's indomitable faith is full of inspiration for everyday life.

Everybody has an assortment of vague longings; a few persons desire, with unmistaken definiteness and terrible earnestness, some supreme gift. These latter are the ones who get what they want. An English philosopher and literary man of rare gifts is said to have left unfinished manuscripts of no less than 40,000 different theses. Is it any wonder that he has left nothing of deathless value? He has failed to say, with the great apostle and all other achievers, "This one thing I do." The Canaanitish woman may have aspired after all the blessings of the true faith of Israel; but her tremendous longing for the healing of her maniac daughter obscured these. She wanted one thing—and she got it.

A few days ago I learned the life-story of a man in the middle west who has for years been laboring to perfect a process that will enable him to produce photographs that will retain the sharpness and brilliancy which they have in the bath. Literally for years he was scoffed at as one of these fanatical inventors. But like hundreds of other "fanatical" inventors, he conquered his difficulties and has created a new order in photography. Generations hence, families which possess in all their original clearness, these indelible portraits of their ancestors, will thank God for a man who wanted one thing so devotedly that he would not rest until he got it.

Wanting Something Tremendously.

The trouble with many persons in our day is that they have been bitten by the supine and fatalistic philosophy of the Orient, which is always ready to accept things as they are. They are not at all in sympathy with this heathen woman. They would declare that she showed very bad manners throughout. Her presumption—for she belonged to an outcast people, from the Jewish standpoint—her enthusiasm, her rude intrusion upon the privacy of Jesus, were all in very bad form. And some of us today would rather be "correct" than conquerors.

This dilettante attitude toward life is a bane of our times. The cultured loafers and the wealthy do-nothings smile, only half-indulgently, at persons with a purpose and a mission. They call them "reformers." Let the world alone," is their motto. All these while cynically sneer at intensity and enthusiasm, hard lines are forming in their faces, and a dull vacuity is putting its signature upon their eyes. Despite the best that their masseurs and beauty-doctors can do, their very countenances tak on a look of jadedness and emptiness.

The secret of best living is the possession of a great purpose. The men and women who have wanted to do something in their time have drawn the sting from existence. A French writer has said, "The first gift of the man dedicated to great things is to refuse to indulge men the power of turning him aside from his course." They who have enough courage to pursue, undeterred, a single aim are to be counted fortunate, despite all their struggles. Would you relieve the pain of suffering? It would be but to rob him of his song. Better far the sorrow of the Canaanitish woman and her great love and life-aim, than the trivial, monotonous, futile round of the existence of many who scorned her. This intense mother had the zest of her great pursuit, and she had at length the superlative joy, such as lesser lives could not know, of gaining the prize she coveted.

A Gem of Literature.

The whole story is so brief, and so graphic, that it may be here quoted entire. I copy from the colloquial version called "The Twentieth Century New Testament:"

"On going away from that place, Jesus retired into the country round Tyre and Sidon. There, a Canaanite woman from that district came out and began calling to Jesus: 'Take pity on me, Master, Son of David; my daughter is entirely under the power of an evil spirit.' But not a word did Jesus say in reply. His disciples came up and begged Him to send her away. 'She keeps calling out after us,' they said. 'I have been sent,' Jesus replied, 'to no one except the lost sheep of Israel.' For all this the woman came and bending low before Him, said: 'Master, help me;' 'It is not fair,' Jesus replied 'to take the children's food and throw it to the dogs.' 'Yes, Master,' she said, 'for dogs do feed on the scraps that fall from their owner's table.' 'Your faith is great,' was his reply to the woman; 'it shall be as you wish!' And her daughter was cured that very moment."

The Caste Question.

Snobbishness and provincialism create caste. If we knew all we would love all. Israel's contempt for the heathen, which the disciples shared, was really due in good part to ignorance; even as is the supercilious attitude of this western continent towards two-thirds of the human race. There are multitudes of men who, despite the Laymen's Movement campaigns, still think that the best we can do for the non-Christian peoples is to make them like ourselves. That we may have aught to learn from them never enters our self-satisfied heads.

None the less, that is exactly the lesson Jesus was trying to teach his bungling disciples. He wanted them to get the lesson of faith through this poor woman who was outside of the covenant. Korea and Japan and China and India and Africa rise up in testimony against America today, because they seem to be bearing fruits of the New Testament religion more perfectly than we. We have advanced quite a way into the spirit of Jesus when we can realize that there is spiritual perception and spiritual longing, in hearts that are not included in any Christian fold.

Docile, humble faith—for such it was, despite its vaulting presumption—had a reward such as the high and mighty pharisees had never been able to win from Jesus. The woman asked only the crumbs which those who had plenty of bread despised. Said Dr. John Watson: "Her woman's wit was sharp that day, and seized the one advantage Jesus had afforded her. Dog he had called her; then dog she would be; only she must have a dog's place and privilege." That the seeming sternness of the Master toward the supplicant was meant lesse for her than for the disciples' benefit, is shown by his admiring word, "O woman, great is thy faith."

The World Movement.

The disciples had been thinking in terms of Jewry. Jesus thought in terms of the world. Only dimly, after 19 centuries, are we beginning to glimpse the imperial conception of Christ.

"For the love of God is broader, than
the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal is most
wonderfully kind."

In his notable Berlin address a few days ago, upon "the world movement," Mr. Roosevelt well said, "Frowning or hopeful, every man of leadership in any line of thought or effort must now look beyond the limits of his own country." Continuing, he remarked, "The play of new forces is as evident in the moral and spiritual world as in the world of the mind and body." Again, "Moreover, the things of the spirit are even more important than the things of the body. . . There has never been greater need of a high and fine religious spirit than at the present time."

Of course, all this expanding conception of world-citizenship has been a commonplace of the modern pulpit and missionary platform. It is good to hear it from the lips of a statesman on a university rostrum. For this world movement spells brotherhood, learned at the feet of the gentle Teacher who led His own band of followers in thought beyond the borders of their native land.

The Berlin Mob's Cry.

It does look as if Jesus of Nazareth is coming to His own. His name shines marvelously brighter every year. Most great names grow dim with the passing of time. When a monument was unveiled in Washington recently to the Polish soldier friend of America, Pulaski, the newspapers had to explain who Pulaski was and why he was worthy of a monument. Mankind has short memories. The world is covered with neglected graves. Overgrown cemeteries are one of the commonest of sights everywhere. In China the huge grave mounds are allowed to fall into disrepair. At Banares the neglected memorials of forgotten kings are fairly tumbling into the Ganges.

Time, which obscures other names, only reveals that of Jesus in increasing brightness. His glory grows more luminous with the centuries. Such episodes as that which occurred in Berlin last February reveal the hold which Christ has upon the hearts of the common people. A university professor had propounded the theory that Jesus never had lived as a historical personage. Soon the street signs bloomed with the slogan, "Jesus lives." On Sunday, February 20, a meeting was called for noon in the circus, to protest against this attack upon our Lord. Before 11 o'clock 7,000 persons had crowded into the building. Outside, 12,000 struggled for admittance. Then they turned in procession toward the great Protestant cathedral singing Luther's hymn, A Mighty Fortress is Our God, and I Know Whom I have Believed.

That was the best answer to the mad scholar. Jesus once lived; because He still lives, as dearest Lord and Savior, in the hearts of a countless host of plain people who have learned to know Him.

Varieties

Oil and coal are successfully burned together under boilers in England.

About one-fourth of the men in the navy at the present time have re-enlisted.

The recently discovered Chamberlain falls in British Guiana are as large as Niagara.

There were 150,000 children at school in India 60 years ago. There are 6,000,000 now.

The tax on tobacco netted $51,487,[illegible] for the United States treasury during the year 1909.

Alfred Wade, Montesano, Wash., raised 123 bushels of wheat on two acres of land.

A German expert says that there is less prussic acid in 25 cigars than in one bitter almond.

The island of Porto Rico is about 100 miles long, 40 miles wide, and has a population of a million.

The lead pencil makers of Nuremberg, Germany, use about 700,000 feet of American cedar each year.

Ireland accounts for about 64 [illegible] of every 100 persons employed in linen manufacture in the United Kingdom.

A new electric desk lamp has the filament stretched out in a long line to distribute the light over a greater area.

A vessel was recently launched at a Scotch shipyard with all her machinery aboard and steam up ready to start.

The government of Brazil proposes colonizing the Indians on public lands and furnishing them with farm implements.

In the fiscal year 1908 the railroads of the United States killed, in addition to passengers, 3,470 of their own employes.

The growing scarcity of finishing woods has led to an annual production of over 1,100,000,000 square feet of veneer.

The department of agriculture is experimenting in several of the southern states with Japanese grasses used for matting.

It cost $20,000 to produce the French moving picture films of the opera Rigoletto, the record for that form of entertainment.

Although the railway up the Jungfrau, in Switzerland, is only complete half way up, its 1909 receipts were 567,000 francs.

Porcelain was discovered by an alchemist who was seeking a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles.

What is believed to be the biggest shark on record was caught in San Pedro, Cal., not long ago. It measured 35 feet in length.

The latest mechanical furnace stokes not only puts the coal on in the most approved manner, but it also disposes of the ashes automatically.

Farmers in the vicinity of the state road quarry near Rising Sun, Ohio, have been unable to hatch any chickens because of the heavy blasts.

Switzerland has 14,717 miles of telegraph and telephone lines, in 1908 the 2,255 telegraph offices handled 4,[illegible],000 telegrams, producing a revenue of $630,444.

Every day there are twice as many people traveling vertically in New York in the elevators as are carried horizontally by the various transportation lines.

While the number of violent deaths a thousand among miners has undergone in European countries a decided decrease, in this country it is steadily increasing.

Tests made by army officers indicate that projectiles fired from the heaviest guns when they penetrate concrete do so cleanly, not splintering or scattering it.

The London Lancet says that English oyster beds are now being very carefully protected from sewage contamination, whereas few foreign beds receive this protection.

It is expected that the new coal mine near Melbourne, which now yields 1[illegible] tons a day, will be able next year to supply all the requirements of the Victorian state railways.

All th London "tubes" but one carried a greatly increased number of passengers during the last half of 1909 over the same period in 1908. Increases ranged from 5 to 47 per cent.

Russia produces more hemp for export than all other countries; [illegible] Italy, Austria-Hungary, Germany, France, Belgium, Turkey, China and Japan grow it commercially for fiber.

Chicago has a smokeless locomotive for which perfect combustion is claimed. Not only is it free from smoke, gas and forest-destroying sparks, but it effects a saving of over 35 per cent.

After six years' contest Peter Cooper Hewitt has received patents for his mercury vapor electric lamp. The patents have been in dispute almost since the date when they were first applied for, in 1901.

Shad has been very abundant on the Atlantic coast this year; yet experts declare that had it not been for the government hatcheries this fish would now be practically extinct here for commercial purposes.

Chocolate, according to Balzac, is even more dangerous as a stimulant than tea or coffee. The decline in Spain from the proud position it once held he ascribed to the introduction of chocolate and its adoption by all classes.

China has discovered that it needs to run its postal and telegraph systems itself, instead of depending upon the labor of foreigners. The Celestial empire is, therfore, opening schools to train young men to enter these two services.

A sort of combination sun dial and compass, the invention of an Englishman for aviators, consists of a celluloid dial to be inserted in an overhead plane, the shadow from the pin in the center of it indicating the course the machine is taking.

A hen once walked through a clay puddle and then into a sugar house and left tracks of her muddy feet on a pile of sugar. Wherever her tracks were it was noticed the sugar was whitened. After a number of experiments it was found that wet clay was valuable in refining sugar.

"One cannot be long in any h

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the Latest Paris and New York Styles.

These patterns are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2360—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist with three-quarter length sleeves and a removable chemisette. White heavy linen was used for this jaunty shirt-waist. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2978—Ladies' "Gibson" Shirt-Waist. Madras, linen or lawn are good materials for this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3306—Girls' Dress. A simple frock for school wear, made of silk gingham, galatea, madras or linen. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2836—Child's Low-Necked Dress. Any summer material may be used to develop this dress. 5 sizes—1 to 9 years.

3291—Ladies' Six-Gored Plaited Skirt. Voile or serge, in any desired shade, will develop well in this model. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2579—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt, closing at left side and having habit back. This skirt is suitable for development in mohair, Panama, serge and cashmere. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

3123—Girls' Dress, consisting of an overblouse closing with buttons on shoulders, and a one-piece plaited skirt joined to a waist. Blue serge was used for this dress, the trimming being black braid and silver buttons. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2242—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse closed at the right side of the front, with high neck and rolling collar or with sailor collar, and a removable shield, and knickerbockers. Serge, chambray or linen are best adapted to this model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

3284—Misses' Dress. A pretty dress developed in pongee, the overskirt and trimming piece which may be piped with any desired shade of silk. 3 sizes—14 to 18 years.

3029—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with removable chemisette. An excellent model is here shown which is adaptable to any of the spring materials. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3308—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Nothing could be prettier than the pictured model made of embroidery flouncing or bordered material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2181—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, closed at left side of front. Any of the checked silks, or shepherds plaids are suitable for the development of this pretty model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3302—Girls' Dress. The model here illustrated was developed in black and white shepherds plaid and trimmed with red satin piping. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2989—Girls' Dress, with high or low neck and long or elbow sleeves. Serge, challis or cashmere are best adapted to this serviceable model. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2125—Ladies' Seven-Gored Bell Skirt, in round or ankle length. Voile in any desired shade may be used for this model. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2946—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. Venetian or Panama cloth cheviot or serge develop well in this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2173—Ladies' Corset Cover, with or without shield sleeves. Fine lawn, batiste or nainsook are adaptable to this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

3143—Ladies' Circular Closed Drawers, with or without ruffles. Muslin or cambric may be used to good effect in this model. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

1916—Ladies' House Dress. The waist with detached turn-down collar and long or elbow sleeves, and the six-gored skirt plaited or gathered at back and joined to the waist. Blue chambray was used to develop this natty little house dress. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

3289—Ladies' Empire Wrapper. This model is very effective developed in any sheer material for summer wear. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

GARFIELD TO BE TARGET

Attacks Will Be Made on His Policy of Land Withdrawals.

Washington, June 6.—Party lines will be dissolved and new lines of insurgency developed in the senate in connection with the public land withdrawal bill, which, it is expected, will be taken up Monday. Vigorous assaults on the Garfield-Roosevelt administration of the department of the interior are being prepared by western senators. The withdrawals of large areas of the public domain by the Ohio secretary are expected to be the object of especial attack.

It is not improbable that the debate will lead to some bitter criticism of the more conservative policies of the Taft-Ballinger administration of the land laws.

Charge Lands Are Locked Up.

The discussions will arise over the consideration of the administration bill, which already has passed the house, to authorize the President to withdraw public lands for purposes of classification for the protection of water power sites, for forest reserves, and to prevent mineral lands from falling into the hands of monopolies. Many western members, notably Senators Warren and Clark, of Wyoming; Heyburn and Borah, of Idaho; Carter, of Montana, and Hughes, of Colorado, express fear that the enactment of this measure would mark the return of the policy of "locking up" great tracts of land so that the western states might be deprived of the benefits that would accrue to them from their development.

On the other hand, the more radical program carried out during the regime of former Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, is favored by such western members as Senators Dixon, of Montana; Flint and Perkins, of California; Piles, of Washington; Chamberlain and Bourne, of Oregon; Smoot and Sutherland, of Utah, and numerous others.

Bill a Party Measure.

Administration leaders are committed to the conservation legislation advocated by President Taft, and it is not doubted that the house bill for the withdrawal of public lands for conservation purposes will be passed at an early date and that the measure will emerge successfully from conference.

Supporters of statehood legislation are willing to give the administration conservation measure the right of way if the Republican leaders will give their pledge that a vote shall be taken upon the Arizona-New Mexico bill before adjournment.

At one time there were indications that there would be a serious clash over the question of which should be taken up first. The Democrats were inclined to oppose taking up any other measure in advance of the statehood bill, but at an informal conference Saturday they decided their cause would not be advanced by precipitating such a controversy, so long as there is no time fixed for the present session to adjourn. They argued that they could force action before adjournment in any event.

Postal Banks in House.

The house committee on postoffices and post roads will meet Monday, and probably will report to the house the postal savings bank bill perfected last week in the Republican caucus. Republican leaders of the house say there will be no difficulty in putting the bill through without amendment.

Unless some agreement is reached by which a conference can be avoided, both the house and the senate will name conferees on the railroad bill Monday. The suggestion made Saturday that the house accept the senate amendments to the bill met with favor in some quarters and for that reason no action was taken in the house.

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I have a message of hope, and peace, and comfort for the sick and suffering and free help for all who need the right kind of medical aid—and want to cure themselves of kidney, bladder trouble, rheumatism, or any other uric acid diseases.

My method is new, the treatment is different. It acts quickly, its results are sure. It stops that back-breaking, digging, twisting, terrible torturing agony, eases those heart-wrenching rheumatic pains, and soothes those unbearable bladder troubles at once, as if by magic.

Can you imagine the feeling that will come to you if you should wake some morning and find your suffering at an end; if the pains that bothered you were all gone, and the disagreeable conditions were a thing of the past?

Wouldn't you feel like you were living in a new and better world? Wouldn't life be a glorious thing? Wouldn't you feel like laughing aloud for sheer joy of being alive in such a world of beauty?

How Bright the World Seems

Go back to the days you enjoyed before disease got hold of you and perhaps you can remember how you felt. How bright the world looked, how cheery the people all seemed, and how light-hearted and care free you went about your daily tasks, without an ache or pain,—strong, healthy happy and contented.

Do you want to feel like this again? Not for a day or a week, but all the time. Do you want to feel as you used to feel? Do you want to throw off your burden and be free from disease? Then listen. If you feel out of sorts, tired and worn out; if you are sick and suffering—making an heroic effort to be about each day; if you feel worn out, and tough, and mean, and weak, and miserable from morning till night; if you have kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism or any other uric acid disease, and want to cure yourself and be strong again; if other remedies have failed to cure you; if you feel like life has nothing more to offer; if you have met with bitter disappointments in your search for health and have lost faith, then I want you to come to me, for I will help you.

I will help you to remove the cause of your trouble and drive the poisonous impurities from your system, for I have a treatment that will quickly revive the sluggish kidneys and clean them out so they can properly filter the blood and the poisons will be driven from your system. When the kidneys are diseased, they get stopped up. The organs and passage ways become stuffed with waste and dead material. The poisons accumulate and spread through the system. The disease progresses rapidly, gradually the pains increase, slowly at first, but gaining steadily, finally ending in a daily, nightly, constant endless torture. Often in Bright's Disease, Dropsy or Diabetes (consumption of the kidneys),—then convulsions indescribable—then death.

Drives Away Uric Acid

I have a mild and harmless treatment that will overcome the cause and drive away the poisonous impurities that clog the kidneys and cause the trouble. For my new three-fold LEXOID treatment masters uric acid, cleanses, purifies, strengthens and invigorates the kidneys, stops the pain, gives strength to the nerves, new life and ambition to the mind and body, and does it quickly, quietly, without loss of time.

If you notice any of the following symptoms you need my marvelous scientific treatment. If you have headache, backache, dizziness, puffy swelling under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling; if the urine is light and pale, dark or cloudy. If you make water often getting up during the night; if it smarts and burns in passing; if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands; if you are nervous, sleepless and run down, you need this wonderful medication without a minute's delay, so write to me at once.

I will send you a complete test course of my new three-fold LEXOID treatment, without cost, without price. Rich or poor, old or young, it matters not. All are human. All suffer alike, so if you need help that is help, all I want is your name and address and where to send the remedies.

I Will Prove It Free

I will send the free test treatment to prove to you that relief can be had, to show you how quickly your pains will vanish and your misery cease, to help you throw off the burden that is dragging you down and holding you back in the world, to help you cure yourself and be strong again.

All this may seem too good to be true, but it is so, every word, and I will prove it to you right before your very eyes, so you can see and feel it for yourself—then I know you will believe. Don't wait, don't hesitate, don't delay and continue suffering. Don't despair or give up, for the most chronic, obstinate, long standing cases yield to this treatment. It helps quickly, soothes your aches, quiets your pains and eases your suffering. You will not have to wait and wish and hope for results. You will get relief right away. Not next month, or next week, but at once, as soon as you take the treatment. So write to me now, this very day. Don't send any money, just your name and address on the coupon.

N. B.—Every suffering reader of The Blade should write at once for this treatment. The Doctor's address is H. Michell De Werth, M. D., C. M., 857 Wade Building, Cleveland, Ohio. He will send you a complete test course treatment free, all charges paid, to prove it does the work. None need have the least hesitancy in accepting his generous offer, for he is perfectly reliable and has agreed to send a test treatment free to every reader of this paper. Every sufferer should write at once. You have nothing to lose and the treatment has positively helped thousands and is beyond question. You don't need to write a letter; simply fill in the coupon. Don't send any money. Just your name and address.

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AFRAID OF LAWSUITS

Wall Street Hammers Railroad Stocks Lower.

New York, June 3.—Following a fairly strong opening with some irregularity during the morning session, the stock market became suddenly weak at noon today, with a general crumbling of prices.

United States Steel, which has recently been the strongest of the active stocks, sold below its recent low level, touching 76⅞ at 12:30 o'clock.

Considerable pressure was directed against the Harriman issues, particularly Union Pacific, which sold at the lowest price of the year. St. Paul again touched its lowest of the year, and Reading declined 3 points. The industrial group showed losses, in many instances of 2 points or more.

On the stock exchange, the heavy selling of the noon hour was regarded as liquidation of long accounts. Many stop-loss orders were uncovered on the decline, particularly in United States Steel, which was the principal object of attack by an active bear faction.

The market's weakness was attributed in the main to further pessimism resulting from the government's move against the railroads and unfavorable reports of general business conditions.

QUARRY BLAST FATAL TO 25

Ogden, Utah, June 1.—Twenty-five workmen were killed in an explosion today in a quarry of the Union Portland Cement works at Devil's Slide, Utah, 30 miles east of Ogden.

The explosion blew down the telegraph and telephone poles and communication with the scene of the accident was limited to a brief message sent out by a courier from Morgan, Utah, soon after the disaster.

Most of the killed are Japanese and Greeks who made up the quarry gang of 75 to 100 men. The injured are reported to be a score or more.

OPIUM IN THE WEINERS

Customs Inspector Catches Chink Smuggling In Drug.

San Francisco, June 2.—A customs inspector, searching the baggage of Wong Nim, a Chinaman who arrived on the Korea Friday, was surprised to find among the celestial's effects what appeared to be a string of sausages. Investigation proved the innocent-looking "frankfurters" contained more than four pounds of opium valued here at $300.

GOLD WEDDING RING FREE Send for 10 packages of our beautiful silk and gold embossed post cards to distribute at 10c each. Return us the $1 when collected and we will send you by return mail this very fine 14K gold filled heavy band ring, not the cheap kind. Address R.F. MOSER, 391 Household Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

CHINA MAY RAISE LOAN

Americans May Not Supply Railroad Fund.

J. P. Morgan & Co. Will Get $30,000,000 Deal if Orientals Fail.

New York, June 3.—The consummation of the $30,000,000 Chinese loan for railroad building by American and European bankers, is contingent upon the ability of the Chinese government to raise the money at home. This new phase of the Chinese loan negotiations was made known by H. P. Davidson, member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., who was a passenger on the Lusitania from Europe today.

"My negotiations in Paris in regard to the Chinese loan have been eminently successful," said Mr. Davison. "We have tentatively arranged for a loan of $30,000,000 for the commencement of building operations of two trunk line railroads in China, one running north and south from Hankow to Canton, and the other east and west from Hankow to Scheuzean."

Regarding the terms of the loan Mr. Davison said:

"That depends. Arrangements up to the present are merely tentative and are dependent upon whether the Chinese will be able to raise sufficient money in their own country or not. The Chinese government has reserved to itself the right of refusing to accept this loan provided they can raise sufficient funds at home."

Mr. Davison had nothing to say regarding the government's action in the freight rate injunction case. Speaking of the listing in Paris of the securities of the steel corporation, Mr. Davison said:

"That matter is practically in statu quo. There is nothing being done. By that I do not mean to say that the matter has been dropped. It is still progressing, but necessarily very slowly, as it is one of those things which cannot be hurried, owing to many legal difficulties in the way."

Alarming Spread of Uric Acid Ailments

Among the ailments to which human flesh is heir, those which are due to an excess of uric acid in the blood are most to be feared. Not alone because of their destructiveness, but because their presence is seldom detected before the trouble has gained considerable headway.

Because of the alarming increase within recent years of kidney and bladder disorders and rheumatism—which all owe their origin to uric acid poisoning—and because of the deceptive nature of such diseases, as well as their destructive and fatal tendencies, those who are aiding in spreading reliable information regarding the same must be considered real benefactors of the race. Among the latter, Dr. DeWerth, of Cleveland, Ohio, stands foremost. The doctor has distributed thousands of packages of free treatment for these serious ailments among suffering men and women throughout the country.

CENSUS FIGURES SOON

Washington, June 1.—The census bureau has begun the actual work of enumerating the population from the individual census cards made up from the returns, and Director E. Dana Durand declared Tuesday that the complete census of some cities would be announced within a fortnight.

The individual cards, the compilation of which is in the hands of several hundred experts, if piled one upon another would make a stack 16 miles high, according to Mr. Durand's estimate.

This estimate is upon the basis that the population of the United States will prove to be in the neighborhood of 100,000,000.

STICKS TO HIS WORD

Roosevelt Says He Will Not Retract.

He Meant 'Sentimentality,' Not 'Sentiment,' in His London Speech.

London, June 4.—The Times this morning publishes a letter from Mr. Roosevelt written in reply to a correspondent who requested him to substitute the word "sentiment" for "sentimentality" which he used in his address at the Guildhall last Tuesday when the freedom of the city was conferred upon him.

Mr. Roosevelt in his speech was analyzing British rule in Egypt. Britain, he declared, had given Egypt the best government the country had had in 2,000 years, but in certain vital points it had erred. "Those who have to do with uncivilized peoples, especially fanatical peoples," he said, "must remember that in such a situation as that which faces you in Egypt weakness, timidity and sentimentality may cause infinitely more harm than violence and injustice. Sentimentality is the most broken reed on which righteousness can lean."

To the objector to the use of the word sentimentality, Mr. Roosevelt writes: "I regard sentiment as the exact antithesis of sentimentality, and to substitute sentiment for sentimentality in my speech would directly invert my meaning. I abhor sentimentality and, on the other hand, think no man is worth his salt who isn't profoundly influenced by sentiment and who doesn't shape his life in accordance with a high ideal."

Young Egyptians Protest.

Geneva, Switzerland, June 4.—The Young Egyptian committee today issued a violent protest against the sentiments expressed by Theodore Roosevelt in his speech at the Guildhall in London, in which the former president of the United States expressed the opinion that Great Britain should show a firmer hand in Egypt. The committee declares that the speech was an insult not only to Europe and Egypt, but to the whole civilized world.

MAKE RUSH FOR LIBERTY

Battery Men on Way to Manila Enjoy Last Pleasure.

San Francisco, June 6.—A sensational dash for shore liberty, in which, it is said, 80 men of Battery C. Second Field Artillery, outward bound from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, to Manila, on the transport Logan Sunday, participated, is being given a rigid investigation by Captain Francis W. Griffin, commanding the battery. Thirteen of the men, two having been taken from the city prison, have been placed in the transport's brig.

Almost half of the battery, just at dusk, Saturday night, slipped from the ship without orders, carrying arms and wearing cartridge belts, scaled a high fence at the dock, and scattered along the harbor front. Some who were unable to elude the dock guard, dropped overboard and swam ashore. It was not until 3 o'clock Sunday morning that the last of the truants was rounded up.

PEARY MEETS KING GEORGE

London, June 2.—Commander Robert E. Peary was presented to King George at Marlborough house today. He remained a half hour telling his majesty something of his own achievements and discussing with him the prospects of Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition.

CANAL WORK DELAYED

Great Slides Have Filled Cuts With Gravel.

Washington, June 2.—The "Culebra slide," which has been the cause of much apprehension on the part of the constructing engineers on the Panama isthmus, has become more serious than was at first feared. On the morning of April 18 12 steam shovels were unable to resume work owing to the movements of the slides in the Culebra and Cucaracha cuts.

The day before a mass of stone and mud estimated at 500,000 cubic yards broke away from the main mass of the Cucaracha slide and dropped rapidly into the bed of the canal, filling the pioneer cut for a distance of 900 feet. Many of the tracks were covered or torn away, delaying the work of removing the debris. The work of clearing away the mass in the cut at Cucaracha required four days.

At Culebra the damage done was comparatively small and after a few hours' work the conditions were about normal.

A marked movement of the Culebra slide caused the removal of the convicts from the stockade at Gold Hill to the penitentiary at Culebra. There seems to be no immediate danger of a collapse of the buildings, but the police deem the removal necessary to prevent a stampede in case of a sudden movement.

The total amount of excavation in the Panama canal during the month of April was 2,601,347 cubic yards. Heavy rains retarded the work, but no serious delay resulted.

Nearly one-eighth of the total concrete to be laid in the locks had been placed on May 21.

FEED CHILDREN

On Properly Selected Food. It Pays Big Dividends.

If parents will give just a little intelligent thought to the feeding of their children the difference in the health of the little folks will pay, many times over, for the small trouble.

A mother writes saying: "Our children are all so much better and stronger than they ever were before we made a change in the character of the food. We have quit using potatoes three times a day with coffee and so much meat.

"Now we give the little folks some fruit, either fresh, stewed, or canned, some Grape-Nuts with cream, occasionally some soft boiled eggs, and some Postum for breakfast and supper. Then for dinner they have some meat and vegetables.

"It would be hard to realize the change in the children, they have grown so sturdy and strong, and we attribute this change to the food elements that, I understand, exist in Grape-Nuts and Postum.

"A short time ago my baby was teething and had a great deal of stomach and bowel trouble. Nothing seemed to agree with him until I tried Grape-Nuts softened and mixed with rich milk and he improved rapidly and got sturdy and well."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SHOW THEIR INGENUITY

College Boys Qualify as Discoverers.

Lawrence, Kan., June 4.—Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan has announced that important discoveries have been made and completed in the department of industrial chemistry at the University of Kansas which will prove of inestimable value to many industries throughout the country.

The most important of these discoveries probably is in the manufacture of casein. E. L. Tague, a fellow in industrial chemistry, has perfected a process of manufacturing this product from buttermilk, something chemists have been unable to accomplish heretofore. Mr. Tague spent two years in experimenting. The donors of the fellowship, an Eastern manufacturing concern, purchased all the apparatus and materials needed to carry on the work.

Buttermilk has always been a waste product. Millions of gallons thrown away by creameries can now be turned into a practical benefit for use in the manufacture of casein, which is extensively used in the sizing of paper by paper mills. It is also used in manufacturing brushes, combs, billiard balls and many other articles.

When Mr. Tague finally completed his process and submitted it to the donors the new method of manufacturing casein was tested thoroughly in a practical way and found to be a complete success. The result is that a million dollar plant will be built soon for its manufacture from buttermilk. Furthermore, a contract has been made whereby the inventor is to receive 10 per cent of the net profits of the business.

Archie Weith and Frank Brock are two other students in the same department who have made discoveries scarcely less important. After working a year and a half these young men have found a way to make an enamel for steel containing tanks that has the same coefficient of expansion as the steel itself. By use of their process of manufacture an enamel is obtained that will not crack under conditions of extreme heat or cold. The enamel is also resistant, will flow over the steel properly in the enamelling process and is resistant to acids. It can be used as a lining for steel tanks and towers in various kinds of industrial occupations.

Professor Duncan left for Rochester, N. Y., to close a contract with an Eastern concern which has obtained the rights of manufacture of this enamel. He stated that the inventors, Archie Weith, and Frank Brock, would receive large royalties.

Two years ago the National Bakers' Association granted a fellowship paying $500 a year to Henry Krohman to carry on experiments in search of some means of making salt rising bread uniform in quality.

The efforts of Mr. Krohman also have proved entirely successful. He has discovered a way to isolate the microbe which causes the bread to rise. This means that bakers will be enabled to supply bread of a better quality and lower in price to consumers all over the country.

Out of 15 fellowships these three remarkable discoveries have been brought about. Other students are now engaged in experimental work in various other fields, and Professor Duncan stated that a number of them will undoubtedly accomplish things fully as important as the discoveries already made.

The department of industrial chemistry gives practical knowledge to the public, a knowledge which brings about the utilization of methods new to the industrial world and a utilization of many products heretofore unknown.

The funds for these experimental purposes come from manufacturing concerns throughout the United States. These corporations, of course, refuse to have their names given out until they are protected by patents for the exclusive rights of sale or manufacture of any products or processes resulting from the experiments. In order to obtain the fellowships the university must sign a contract which protects the donors for a period of three years, after which all discoveries made and the names of donors of the fellowships will be made public.

WANTS A READY NAVY

Meyer Tells Young Middies Value of Drill.

Annapolis, Md., June 3.—Secretary of the Navy Meyer told the graduating class at the naval academy here today that "the navy should be so constituted and drilled that it will have at all times the greatest possible military efficiency. Under such conditions only," he added, "can the navy protect the interests of the country and insure peace. The navy is only a menace and a needless expense when it is permitted to deteriorate and when the military spirit weakens."

Taking models of the original Kearsarge and of the modern battleship Michigan, which are in his office in Washington, Mr. Meyer said he could think of "no comparison that would demonstrate so well at a glance how the duties of the naval officers have changed, and with it the characteristics of the officer and bluejacket." Then, after speaking of the enlisted men of the navy, saying that, while in former years it was often difficult to man the ships with American sailors, today 96 per cent of the crews are American, he continued:

"While the change in the requirements of the enlisted man is very great, it is equally, if not more marked in the officer, and the transformation that has taken place in the navy is a transformation not only in personnel but in material and in the methods of handling both. The battleship of today is a vast complicated mechanism and it requires a skilled personnel to make all parts work in unison to a common end. This requires on the part of officers and men of the navy exacting drill and training. The young officer of today, instead of being sent aloft to furl sails, is sent down into the stokehold to fire the furnaces and tend the boilers. There he learns how everything must be maintained in efficient working order to get the greatest speed with the greatest economy of fuel."

He went on to explain how the young officer is given a similar training in regard to the other parts of a vessel's management. Referring to the personnel bill introduced in congress by which captains will be created from 43 to 48 years of age and rear admirals at 55, the secretary said:

"The responsibility of commanding a battleship involves not only a thousand lives but a vast expenditure of money, and a possible loss of a unit in the fleet of strategic importance. Therefore, a commanding officer should be at an age to stand the nervous as well as the mental and physical strain. Our admirals should have more time in that rank to get practice as squadron and division commanders before reaching the supreme command of the fleet."

In conclusion the secretary admonished the young officers to let their aim be "an earnest endeavor at all times to attain the highest efficiency, and not to be satisfied with anything less. The country looks to you," he asserted, "not merely to be content to step in the footprints of your predecessors, but to make your own footprints, and to do under all circumstances the best that is in you, whether in peace or in war, and thus maintain the reputation of the American navy for progressiveness, efficiency and courage."

CHINESE OUTBREAK

American Consulate Is Defiled and Foreign Warships Agree on Program for Action.

Peking, June 3.—The consuls at Nanking report that native disturbers in that city have assumed openly an insulting attitude towards foreigners and have defiled the walls of the American consulate in a disgusting manner.

All the diplomats at Peking think that an outbreak in the provinces south of the Yangtse Kiang river is likely to occur. They believe, however, that it is extremely improbable that the trouble will reach this city.

The authorities at Nanking have removed the bolts from the rifles of the soldiers. The situation is considered to depend entirely upon the attitude of the military in the city, which up to the present has not developed symptoms of disloyalty.

Placards have been posted in the streets calling upon the people to rise and slaughter the foreigners, and destroy their property. Threats that a revolution will be launched on June 5, the date set for the opening of the Nanking exposition, are causing Chinese merchants to flee with their treasurers to the country districts where they are burying their wealth.

The United States cruiser, New Orleans, and the German and Japanese men of war are lying off the town, and it is believed that these vessels will be adequate to protect all foreigners in the event of an outbreak.

Commander Roger Wells, of the New Orleans, has conferred with the commanders of the other warships, and they have agreed upon a plan for concerted action if necessary.

Washington Is Worried.

Washington, June 3.—The feeling in several of the provinces of China is still giving the authorities much concern. United States Minister Calhoun at Pekin, in a cablegram to the state department, transmits a message from the United States consul at Nanking in which he says that the city has been posted with placards inciting the people to the destruction of foreign life and property, in consequence of which considerable nervousness is felt. The message adds that the U. S. S. New Orleans is there, and is preparing with the German, British and Japanese warships, to land a considerable force if found necessary to protect the foreign consulates.

SENTENCE 29 TO DIE

Russia Takes Stern Measures Against Band of Criminals.

St. Petersburg, June 2.—Penalties of death or life imprisonment have been meted out to the men and women members of the Youthful band that for eight months in 1907-8 committed a series of murders and robberies that kept the residents of a considerable territory in a state of terror.

Twenty-nine men, ranging in ages from 18 to 25 years, were sentenced to death. Eight women escaped hanging because of their sex, but were sentenced to imprisonment for life.

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

By Elizabeth

THIS day of grace, June first, 1910, when outside, all is drear and chill—if you want to think it so—; when a drizzle of a rain is falling; when you are wondering if the pot of ferns you have set out in the weather, in company with a scarlet geranium with two blossoms, one slightly damaged, the other in good order; one pink hydrangea with three blossoms, all first class; one little, spindlin' fern, which is doing the best that can be expected under the circumstances; one plant resembling a toy Christmas tree, name unknown, all of which represent your conservatory or garden; and when a fire to warm, is a friend and a comfort if you must stay under a roof, 'tis sweet to remember summer days that were.

Here is where you take breath after the preceding lengthy sentence.

Literature, like Whittier's Snow Bound, or Winter Life on the Yukon, appeals to you as being timely with this untimely June weather, unless you banish the dismal thought by remembering 'tis sweet to remember summer days that were and will be again.

Less than three weeks back in the spring, 'twas summer in this Ohio country. The day 'tis sweet to remember, this day of marked contrast, there were blue skies, and bright sunshine, and a clean, fresh breeze that stirred the leaves on the trees till they made a sound like rippling water, and there were things doing in the way of fishing and wild flower hunting.

I, who love to roam afield and "trip merrily o'er the lea," though sometimes I come to grief and stub my toes while merrily tripping, found a place that day which always will be sweet to remember, though mine eyes may never again behold its beauty.

It was a small peninsula on the western borders of Toledo, almost, but not entirely surrounded by the waters of Ten Mile Creek and somebody's bayou. I forget the gentleman's name applied to the bayou. There were ancient forest trees, thickly clustered. With some of them, the trunks were so widely riven, that you might step inside and gaze at their upstairs, wondering what the upper darkness was concealing. There were vines festooning some of the trees, and there was an undergrowth of wild shrubbery which, later in the season, will be a dense, dark tangle. It was in the green and callow days of its youth when I saw it, and the spring glory of the place was in full blossom.

Violets were the glory I am mentioning. The ground was carpeted with violet plants, all a-blooming. They were strong, sturdy plants, and the violets were their strong and sturdy children. They were large blossoms and they had long stems, and they looked like the kind of violets which, when purchased from a florist, represent much ready money. There were buttercups, flecking the green with gold, and there were white blossoms, of which I do not know the name. They looked like tiny bells, strung on a thread of a stem. For lack of knowledge of their class and kind, I called them fairy bells.

The flowers looked so healthy and grew so profusely, I knew the place was seldom visited by those whose wild-flower gathering is an attack and a devastation, which leaves the field strewn with the dead and dying.

In the midst of all this sequestered and unmolested loveliness, I "met up" with two boys. They were shy, half-grown boys, with flowers in their hands and the brown soil of mother earth under their finger nails. They had come out into the near-country to gather flowers for "ma," and, after their first shyness was conquered, they let me hang around and we fell to talking together.

I was not gathering flowers, having a feeling against taking the woodland beauties from their homes, but I thought if the boys wanted to gather a posy for "ma," it was not my part to discourage their pleasure, so when their hands were full, I held their nosegays, and tied them together with pieces of long grass, thus making them easier to carry.

The boys knew when they had enough. They did not try to pick every flower in sight, though they hunted around considerably for duplicates of the white violets they had found there a few days previously. The place seemed to be all out of white violets, and they were forced to relinquish their search.

Quite politely, one of the boys to whom talking came easier than to the other, offered to guide me back to the street cars by a way different from the one I had traveled.

"I'll take you any time you want to go," he said, but I did not want to go until the garden party was over, and so stated. They let me stay around until they were ready to take their homeward way.

When it came time to take the homeward way, we followed a winding path, along the edge of the bayou, which, they assured me, was "pretty deep." They showed me the trees whose trunks were riven, and we stepped inside one of them to investigate some white spots, gleaming high in the upper darkness of the tree. I thought they were bird's eggs of some sort, but the boys were wiser than I and knew they were not. They scrambled up, inside the tree, and took a stick to them. The white spots turned out to be fungus growth, at which, having proved themselves correct, the boys were quite triumphant and assumed a truly masculine, "I told you so," manner.

Along the way, they showed me the swimming hole in the "crick" where they had learned to swim, and they showed me the place where they caught a big carp which they said weighed "'most twenty pounds."

On a little strip of sand, bordering the creek like a toy beach, I showed them a bird, called the rail. I called it a tip-up, because my father taught me that name. The boys were much pleased at the name, tip-up, and we stopped to watch the movement of the little fellow on the beach. They were "tip-up," according to his name and nature.

We held close converse while we walked, and I learned many things about boyland, such as fishing, and falling through the ice in the winter, and things like that. I, too, have fallen through the ice in the winter, into cold, damp, wet water, so the boy who had fallen in, found in me a kindred spirit. We both had suffered.

They pointed out a low cabin, built of refuse lumber beside a small stream, where a lone man lived and had his being. The cabin was built on the side of a hill and the lone man kept chickens and a dog, in true, lone man fashion. And he had a bit of garden ground wherein grows garden truck in garden truck season. Tomatoes were part of the truck, the boys told me. These the hermit man gives away to all boys who want them.

"'Sides being gave to," my boys said, "the fellers steal 'em and fires 'em away."

"Do you get in on that game?" I asked, casually.

They hesitated and then confessed they did not, and they made confession as if ashamed of owning their virtues. I, knowing they spoke the truth, changed the subject.

When we parted, it was with the best of feeling and the promise they would be my guides the next time we chanced to meet. I fear the chance is a small one, since one of my boys, the one who did the most talking, said he was nearly 15, and was soon going to work in a factory.

This I learned, that day 'tis good to remember: There is none better to go out and clan with than a brace of shy, half-grown boys with flowers in their hands and the brown soil of mother earth under their finger nails, but if you want to be "in on their game," you must all be boys together.

This was the day I remembered when outside there was untimely weather, and I pass it on to you, so that you may do likewise and feel happier. And on this first day of June there was something good to remember, in spite of lowering clouds and the cold rain that came down in a drizzle. At the sunset hour, the sun broke from its bondage and set the western sky ablaze with a splendor of color.

When the weather gets on your nerves, think of something pleasant, and be content to let nature take its course, instead of grumbling and complaining.

There is one thing you may always count on in all things that are disturbing: SOMEDAY, SOMETIME, IT IS BOUND TO BE CLEARING WEATHER.

This is all for today.

MORNING THOUGHTS

These good thoughts for the top 'o the morning are taken from the letters sent to The Blade from various parts of the country. Watch for yourself:

SUNDAY

I do the best I can with what I have and always look for the silver lining in every black cloud.—Aunt Clara, Michigan.

MONDAY

I do not have the best of health, but I try to live and make home pleasant for those I love. I have a happy home and a kind husband and a dear, little girl.—Cora Bell, Indiana.

TUESDAY

This is my motto: "Try to do to others as we would that they should do to us.—Mrs. Freeman Slater, Michigan.

WEDNESDAY

To works of charity and love,
With hearts aright and purpose true,
To earnest works and kindly deed,
To service to those who need,
Lend a hand.—Aunt Sadie, Ohio.

THURSDAY

He is happiest who is happiest at home.—Mrs. Sarah Lindsay, Colo.

FRIDAY

I always try to be jolly. I get more pleasure from that than by being blue. Well, the blues are a thing I am not very well acquainted with, and do not want to know much about.—A Happy Mountaineer, North Carolina.

SATURDAY

We are just as old as we think, act and feel. Let us ever look on the sunny side of life.—Grandma True, Ohio.

HAVE A ROSE JAR

By Grey Wing.

JUNE, the month of roses, is the time to make a rose jar, and this is the way to make it:

Gather the rose petals in the early morning and place them for an hour in a cool, shady place to dry. Toss them lightly and then put them in layers with salt sprinkled freely between in a large, covered glass dish. You may add fresh petals to this every morning. When you have a sufficient quantity, let the whole stand for 10 days, shaking thoroughly every morning. Now, in the bottom of a glass fruit jar, place two ounces of whole allspice, crushed, and two ounces of stick cinnamon, broken coarsely. Fill the jar with rose petals and salt. This must stand six weeks, or even longer, when it may be prepared for the permanent jar. During the six weeks the jar should be kept perfectly air tight.

Mix together one ounce each of ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice and mace; one ounce of orris root, shredded and bruised; two ounces of lavender flowers. These are the proportions to be used to one quart of the rose petals. Place this mixture in alternate layers with the contents of the glass fruit jar, in a more ornamental jar that is to be used permanently. If you choose, you may add a few drops of the oil of your favorite flower—rose, geranium or violet, and pour over the whole one quarter of a pint of good cologne.

This pot pourri will last for years. From time to time you may add a little lavender water or any nice perfume. The odor from a rose jar filled with leaves and fragrant spices is very penetrating, and is particularly pleasant in large drawing rooms and halls. The odor is not only refreshing, but it is delightful as well. A rose jar filled with good stock should never be allowed to remain constantly open. If the covers are removed for an hour at a time, twice a day, your rooms will become filled with a fragrance that will be a delight to all who enter your house.

When you select your rose jar, the best are those with double covers. Some jars have single covers, some double, some with perforated covers. The best are those with double covers without perforations.

Every one who can get rose petals should have a rose jar. They are just grand. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

To remove iron rust, dampen cloth, rub on cream of tartar, and run on spots well; let stand an hour, then wash; if not all removed, repeat the process.—National Magazine for April.

AN AMERICAN BABY ABROAD

AMONG the books of the present season is a readable story called an American Baby Abroad, written by Mrs. Charles N. Crewdson and published by Little, Brown and Company, of Boston.

The book combines, blithesomely, a love romance and descriptions of foreign travel. The American baby is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gray, of Bowling Green, Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Jack are married in London, where their son is born. Other leading characters are Miss Mary Marshall, godmother of the baby, and Roxy, his colored nurse.

One of the incidents of the story is the going to Egypt of the baby's father. There he falls ill and his wife makes a hurried journey to him, leaving the baby in the care of Miss Mary. Later on, in company with Roxy, she takes the baby to his parents at Luxor and sees many sights and scenes belonging to eastern lands. Among these sights is that of the ceremony of the Holy Carpet, which each year is a great occasion in the city of Cairo. This account of it is given by Mohammed, Miss Mary's Arabian dragoman or guide:

"This day the Holy Carpet, they take him to Mecca. At twelve o'clock he start from the Place Rumeleh, near the citadel. The people, they come from all the villages and the desert to see the Holy Carpet. The khedive go, and the soldiers they be there. It make a Mohammedan be ev'ry happy to see the Holy Carpet. It make him forever good when he get close to Holy Carpet and kiss him.

"The Holy Carpet, he very big 'ligious. He go to Mecca ev'ry year to cover the Prophet's tomb. He very good, big, 'ligious carpet because he cover the Prophet's tomb. Ev'ry year Mohammedans make new carpet and take him Mecca to cover the Prophet's tomb. All Mohammedans come see him and worship him before he go Mecca."

Through the influence of her dragoman Miss Mary receives an order which gives her entrance to the place where, according to Mohammed, "Khedive say the Christians stand." From this vantage point, she sees the ceremony whose description follows:

"Policemen held back the excitable Arab mob lest it might approach too near to the Holy Carpet, which stood outside the court under a pavilion built especially for it. It was a dark brocade, embroidered in silver and gold, and fitted over a square frame with a pyramidal top—the Holy Carpet, or Mahmal. It was holding a royal levee. Rich Damascus rugs covered the steps leading up to the Holy Carpet's temporary throne. Up and down these steps moved the gorgeously robed officials who had the great privilege of approaching near the Carpet's majesty. A long line of sumptuously caparisoned camels stood in front of the pavilion, twisting their long necks and tossing their little heads up and down. The space between the court and the pavilion was dense with pushing, maddened Arabs, whom only vigilant police guards restrained from rushing upon the Holy Carpet.

THE BABY.

From a drawing by R. F. Outcalt, for The American Baby Abroad. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"A commotion among the multitudes at the opposite end of the court near the citadel turned Mary's eyes in that direction. She saw the Khedive's guards clearing the way. The Egyptian ruler descended from his carriage and was instantly surrounded by a throng of flowing-robed Mussulmans. The khedive, easily distinguished amidst his brilliant oriental entourage by his plain, blue English uniform, took his stand facing the Holy Carpet across the Rumeleh. His guard lined up back of him, separating him from the people. On either side of him stood three resplendent dignitaries—the official heads of Moslemism in Cairo. Their brilliant yellow robes, wide rose-color sashes, and huge bulging green turbans formed a ravishing color spectacle. These stately old rulers of the Mosque shone on either side of the dark, conventional figure of the khedive like triple rainbows.

"With the appearance of the khedive, the restless crowd about the Holy Carpet suddenly became one clinging mass. The Holy Carpet was the center toward which it swayed. Mary turned her eyes from the direction of human royalty to watch the strange proceedings about the 'sacred tapestry.' She could see the Holy Carpet, upheld by a hundred hands, being carried down the steps of the pavilion throne. The compact mob of Arabs surged towards it in a mad desire to touch the venerated object, like a stirred sea; the Mahmel swayed, and rose and fell upon the shifting, outstretched brown hands like a ship tossed upon the billows. The Carpet became stationary again when its bearers placed it upon the favored camel that was to be its royal bearer to Mecca.

"Now a cannon boomed from the citadel on the promontory above. At the sound the train of camels, the tall leader bearing the Holy Carpet, filed across the roadway and entered the Rumeleh. Arabs ran beside the Mahmal, fighting for a chance to kiss it, until it passed within the enclosure of the court. The Egyptian soldiers fired a volley as a salute to it, as it was borne between their open ranks.

The Mahmal's camel bearer was so gorgeously decked that the officers' glossy Arabian steeds looked like equine Cinderellas in comparison. Red and green brocades embroidered with gold and fringed with silk tassels covered this royal leader's back. Upon its head waved tall plumes of ostrich feathers, and about its long neck hung small red and gold fringe. The last touch to the camel's toilet, as to that of the Egyptian bells, was the red henna upon its face. Two Arabs ran beside the camel bearer as attendants. Fourteen other richly decked camels, upon whose high stuffed saddles rode the pilgrims to Mecca, followed the footsteps of the Holy Carpet's bearer.

To the wild blowing of horns and beating of drums the camel train marched seven times around the Rumeleh. As the Holy Carpet appeared where all could see it, the Mohammedans danced and raved in ecstasy. At the finish of the seventh revolution the camels filed out of the Rumeleh, and, pressed about again by hordes of devotees, departed amid shouts and music towards the western gates of the city."

The cause of all this spectacular effect lies in these words of the dragoman, Mohammed: "It make a Mohammedan be very happy to see the Holy Carpet. It make him forever good when he get close to Holy Carpet and kiss him."

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Here is a letter, different from any we have ever had before. Even if you think you are not interested in mining I hope you will read it through.—Elizabeth.

I am a miner. Last winter I worked in the thinnest vein of coal I ever worked in my life. Just 26 inches high. Just think of it! Measure 26 inches on the wall and ask yourself if it is possible for a man five feet nine inches in height to work in such a low place. I had to work hard to mine three tons per day. There are not many miners who will undertake such a job. I had no choice. It was that 'or nothing. It was pick work, not mined by machines. For tools I had one shovel, four picks, one hand machine to drill holes with, one tamper six feet in length made of iron with a copper head; one end with a groove in it to slide along the needle in tamping holes; one needle made of copper curved on one end and tapering to a point on the other; one sledge to set posts with; one pin of wood three and a half feet long to make cartridges over, also paper, powder, soap and squibs.

With a file I sharpen my augur bits, then set up a little post 24 inches long, fasten the two-foot bit on the stem against the end with a burr that works against the post with a crank, made S shape, only the corners are square, I force the bit into the coal by turning it, making a hole two inches in diameter, or larger, according to the width of the bit.

I have three bits: one two-foot one, a four-footer, and a six-foot one. When I have forced the two-foot one in, I can then take it out and put in the four-foot one, which will extend two feet out of the hole. Then I adjust the stem on the bit, the burr on the stem, the burr against the post, and force the four-foot bit in. If I wish the hole to be longer—deeper, we call it—I force in the six-foot bit, the same as the others. In this way I bore, or drill, as many holes as I have the place, time and muscle for. Next, I sit down and look them over, try to be as wise as possible, so as not to have a stander (not shot out), or a flier (blown away).

It all depends on how good I am at guessing, whether I have good shots or bad ones. If I shoot just right, I am called a good digger (miner). If I have bad shots, I am a poor digger. I now go back to the break through and roll some paper around the wooden pin, as long as I wish my cartridge to be, soap the edges, paste it tight, slip it down to the small end of the pin, and double down; put on more soap and paste the end tight; take it off the pin, pour in as much powder out of a 25-pound can as I need. For a shot four feet long, two and a half feet wide on face end, three and a half on back end of hole, I give from 14 to 16 inches over a two-inch pin. Other shots in proportion to length and width.

When my cartridges are all filled, I get as many squibs as I have shots, then I get my tamper and needle. With the needle I push back on a cartridge and push it on through the cartridge to the back of the hole, then gather up fine coal—it must be damp—to tamper in the hole. With my tamper I push the slack back and tamp it solid.

This I repeat until the hole is filled, then I twist the needle and pull it out. The other holes are tamped in the same way. When shooting time comes I place a squib in the needle, hold and touch my lamp blaze to the match end and run like sixty out of my room to the entry. There is a roadway shot in the bottom to take the cars in and out of the room. Soon the shot goes off like a cannon, coal flies, smoke rolls; then I go back and fire the other shots. If, perchance, one missed fire, I had to run the needle in the hole again. If I felt anything in the hole, I would put a dress pin in the squib and touch the match end again with the blaze from my lamp, and run. If it will not go then, I had to drill it out and tamp it up again.

I was more careful, for there is great danger in the performance of this act. When the smoke has cleared away, I take a pick and shovel and crawl up to where the shot stood. I would be in a mental conflict with myself. Questions like these would arise in my mind: "Did it stand? I'll bet it was a dandy. Gosh! here is some of it. Too heavy on the point. Throwed the heel away."

When I'd get where it was, I sometimes found it there yet, sometimes blown away, other times it had just kicked the heel off or come out on the point, and oh, joy! sometimes, not often, I'd find it scattered around in large chunks. In this case, when the driver gives me a car, I go to work and load it. Four cars made me three tons. Lots of work and worry. In case of bad shots I did not load so many. I had to shoot again or cut out the bad ones, which is hard work in a 26-inch vein.

Do you wonder the miners ask ever and always for an advance? Three tons of coal at 90 cents per ton will call for an expense of at least 28 cents per ton. Three tons made me $1.86 clear for eight hours' hard labor. I am idle now—nothing to do. That place was small, but I wish I had the opportunity to work it now. The friend of all—Buckeye Bill.

Hello M. G. R.'s—I thought I would give you all a call this beautiful Sunday afternoon after reading The Tennessee Coon's letter. From her observation of men she has them down "pat." She says, "as a rule, when a man takes a notion to marry a girl he puts his best foot forward."

Now, Coon, I want to ask you a question—I presume you are married. When your husband was going to see you, didn't you want him to put his best foot forward? I bet you met him on halfway ground. You wanted him to show that he cared something for you when you were in company together. You didn't want him to drag about like a dead head and never say anything.

You say, "according to my way of thinking men have life lots easier than women."

They may in a few, a very few, respects. As a general rule, the man has to go ahead with the worldly affairs and look out for a comfortable living for the family. When pay day comes around he has to "go down in his jeans" and foot the bills which his family has made. He never asks for "pity" nor says much about paying the bill. You show some women "pity" and they will look for it. Nine times out of ten pity comes from the blues. Now, Tennessee Coon, I just imagine you are in this stage. Get out of the ruts, put on a new "film," and you will see life more as it is. Look on the bright side of the picture and you will not want any "pity." I shall come again if this gets in print.—Clyde, of Alabama.

You see you have the invitation to come again.—Elizabeth.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

I hope you are all well and happy today. If not, get busy.

I am pleased to register this bunch of good letters, received from Lenore, D. E. W., Fifty-five, Buckeye Cracker, Edna, Samuel G., The Country Bard and West Virginia Gypsy.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

You never need be scared of anybody, anyhow, anyway, so long as you are master of yourself.

Have a word of praise now and then for those who are weary and heavy laden.

Those who see the sun rise on a summer morning, see a picture of God's glory.

Let your light shine out so that it may dispel the shadows.

A smile is worth more than a frown any hour of the day.

After every storm comes calm to sooth the soul abraded.

If you get angry at anyone, run away as fast as you can. Don't "stick around" and say things you may be sorry for all the rest of your life.

If you think you have more work than you can do, divide with someone else. Some other fellow may need the job.

Soak up all the sunshine you can. It gives you a happy feeling.

This world is a wilderness of woe—if we wish to make it so.

You who go looking for the "higher life" will find it close at hand with those who are nearest and should be dearest. Come out of the clouds.

Kindliness is the best of good manners.

Smile and look pleasant.

This is all for today.

Wonderful Bargain

Hyde-Grade Cloth Petticoat

98c

Just in order to thoroughly demonstrate to ladies everywhere that our mail order department offers greater bargains than any house in the United States we will send this beautiful serviceable petticoat to any address upon receipt of only 98c. This petticoat is made of the world famed unequalled Hyde-Grade Cloth, made with full circular flounces with rows of shirring and six pin tucks, finished with six inch silk embroidered ruffle in exquisite eyelet design. The very latest style and a marvel of beauty. Colors: Gray, Tan, Green, Rose, Lavender, Brown, Copenhagen, Navy, also Black. Send waist measure and length.

50c Swiss Embroidery Flouncing, 29c a Yard

Finest quality Swiss Embroidery flouncing, or skirting is inches wide, with 6 inch embroidery work of pretty, dainty English eyelet and floral pattern, exactly like illustration. This wide flouncing is particularly adaptable for making of waists, dresses and petticoats. Being extra good quality, will not pull out in washing. Will give lasting service and satisfaction. Excellent value at 50c but we will send this extraordinary bargain at 29c a yard to any address. **We Pay All Express Charges.**

Send for our monthly bargain bulletin brimfull of tremendous bargains of every imaginable kind of goods that affords a saving of from 30% to 60% and even 100% on your necessities. Our policy of money back if not satisfied has made ours the largest department store in Ohio. Our mail order department offers the same money saving advantages as are daily offered on our store counters. Make all remittances by currency, Post Office or Express Money orders and address

The May Co. Dept. B Cleveland, Ohio. Largest Department Stores in State of Ohio

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.

EARLY TRAVEL, CONCLUDED

After returning to the steamboat from the court house of St. Louis, we found hundreds of men engaged in unloading freight. This was accomplished in 48 hours. All this time had been occupied in depositing freight on the levy to return to Pittsburg. Dozens of laborers were taking goods aboard of our boat. They paid from 50 cents to $1.50 per hour, so that roustabouts were coining money. Many of the toilers placed themselves outside so much whisky they could not retain their equilibrium. The passengers, all well dressed, were filling up the cabin. I remember the crew was loading a large assignment of lard in barrels. Hundreds of half barrels were being rolled aboard the boat and consigned to the hold. A partially intoxicated Irishman rolled a half barrel of lard. There was a hinge in the staging plank. Inside the boat it was steeper. The second mate instructed the laborers to turn the cask around and let it slide endwise down the incline. All went off finely until the mate stepped away. Just as he left the Irishman got there with his barrel. He let it go. It struck a 4x4 stanchion. Both heads flew out and lard was deep all around. A well dressed man and his lady came nipping along, their gaze outside. When the man's patent leathers struck the lard, he took a sudden notion to sit down. The lard victim laid in a complaint to the captain of the vessel, who promptly healed his wrath by giving him $50.

Just about an hour before we started we noticed an old lady, accompanied by a young gentleman and lady. They came aboard and secured passage for Tennessee. The old lady was all right, but the young couple appeared ill at ease. We told an old river hand our opinion of the couple—they were trying to elope. He interviewed the old lady and was informed that such was the case. He therefore worked out a scheme which succeeded admirably. Finding a parson in the cabin, he got two reliable men and stationed one in each passageway, telling them to let all ladies and gentlemen pass through to the eating room in rear of the freight. Hundreds came down out of the cabin to witness the marriage ceremony that took place. The guards charged each cabin passenger 50 cents for his entertainment. When the amount was figured up, over $80 were handed to the young couple, with orders to use the money to set up housekeeping.

When we arrived at Louisville, Kentucky, we were informed that one of the locks of the canal was broken and that our boat could not start for Cincinnati for five days. The captain decided to return to St. Louis for another cargo. All the cabin passengers stayed aboard. Their rations were sure and their passage was paid. Not so with the deck passengers. We kicked so hard and unmercifully, that they refunded enough money to pay our way to where we were going. We distinctly remember notifying the captain that we had the street and number for their boat in Cincinnati, and would appeal to the officers there; then they quickly acquiesced.

We had been so long on the trip that our funds were too low. In military phrase, we were "out of bullets." In this dilema, we applied to the head cook and bridged our difficulty over by securing a job of cutting stove wood for our board. We counted our cash and found it lacked 50 cents of being enough to pay our fare to Vevay. We then ran our face for the 50 cents, telling the man most interested to give us his address and we would refund his money. He hesitated, and finally said he could stand it and would call it even, but later we sent him 75 cents. He acknowledged the same, telling me I paid huge interest on 50 cents. The End.—Lewis B. Jessup.

ADVICE TO E. E.

I wish to say to E. E. that housework on a farm is drudgery if we make it so. She says, she has six in the family, does all her own work, help to milk the cows, and there are four men folks. Why don't they milk? There is no reason why they should not help, even if her children are boys. They can learn to wash dishes, sweep, churn and run the washing machine as well as girls can. I know one woman who has a family of five boys. She always depends on one of them to sweep and clean the house on Saturdays when there is no school. The younger ones wash dishes, take care of their little sister and save their mother many steps besides. Love lightens labor. There is no vocation in which the same thing does not have to be done over and over again.

My advice to E. E., is to make helpers of her boys. Many hands make light work. By so doing she will be with them more and have greater opportunities to mould their characters by instilling lessons of wisdom that will guide them aright through life.

Do not be a slave to your family. They will have greater love and respect for you, if you demand some consideration from them.—A. M. F., Ohio.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

In regard to the weather in Toledo, we are hoping for the best.

If there is anyone to whom I should have said before this, "thank you," and "much obliged," here they are now, in good measure.

Fern Leaf—I'll make my promise good just as soon as I can get around to it.—Elizabeth.

Blessed be the woman who wrote Good Breakfasts! Now, if she, or some other Cozy, will write Good Dinners For Hot Weather and while about it, the directions for a "whole lot" of salads and sandwiches, she will deserve the grateful thanks of her numerous readers. We all like such letters better than those detailing domestic infelicities.—Aunt Nabbie.

Business is booming in the Cozy Corner, and the letters are growing better and better. Recently received are writings from Grey Wing, Interested Reader, Mrs. Sallie Donnils and Lewis B. Jessup.

INQUIRY ANSWERED

Mamma said to tell that lady who wanted to know how to take rust off granite water pails, to take wood ashes. It will make them white.—Fern Kress, Ohio.

FINE MUFFINS

One cup of sour or buttermilk; one level teaspoon of soda in milk; one egg; one full tablespoon sugar; two tablespoons melted butter or lard; one cup flour; one half cup corn meal; two level teaspoons baking powder, and one teaspoon salt. These are fine. I bake them in iron jem pans. Always heat the pans before pouring in the batter.—Grey Wing.

POETS' CORNER

YOU KISSED ME

By Mrs. Hamilton Church.

A short time ago there came a letter to the Poets' Corner asking that the poem with the above title should be requested. In the letter was this: "I am an old lady now, but I wrote this for my husband at the beginning of the Civil War. It was printed in a country paper, not now in existence. It went forth, was copied, 'anon,' in many papers. I had in my beloved scrap book the only copy in the family—the original, but, alas! it was destroyed in the San Francisco fire and earthquake. My children and grandchildren think I might recall it, but my memory fails.—Mrs. Hamilton Church."

From many parts of the country we have received copies of this poem. Those which were clipped from newspapers had this explanatory note:

"This poem was written by Josephine S. Hunt, a young woman under 20 years of age. James Ridpath, the historian, thought so much of it that he had an edition printed on satin. J. G. Whittier wrote of it and its author, saying she had truly mastered the secrets of English verse."

There seems to be a difference in the names of the author, which Mrs. Church can doubtless explain. The poem follows:

You kissed me! My head
Dropped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest.
While the holy emotions
My tongue dared not speak
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast;
O your arms were so bold;
Heart beat against heart
In their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
From the seas to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp
From this rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart,
And my breath, and my will
In delicious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms—
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angel, possessed
Of the peace and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unrepiningly down,
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine,
My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul,
In a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man
Foolish with wine.
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there if death
Would but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die
If I might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night;
Must my lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then,
And if you were here
Would you kiss me again?

THE GOLDEN STAIR

(Author Unknown.)

Put away the little dresses
That our darling used to wear;
She will need them on earth, never;
She has climbed the golden stair.
She is with the happy angels,
And I long for her sweet kiss
Where her little feet are waiting
In the realms of perfect bliss.

CHORUS.

Angels whisper that our darling
Is in lands of love so fair;
That her little feet are waiting
Close beside the golden stair.

Lay aside her little playthings,
Wet with mother's pearly tear;
How we shall miss little Nellie
All the coming, weary years;
Fold the dainty little dresses
That she nevermore will wear,
For her little feet are waiting
Up above the golden stair.

Kiss the little curly tresses
Cut from her bright, golden hair.
Do the angels kiss our darling
In the realm so bright and fair;
Oh, we pray to meet our darling
For a long, long sweet embrace
Where the little feet are waiting
And we meet her face to face.

Children's Letters

Hello, People—I have just finished reading the interesting letters in The Blade. I am a little girl, 10 years old. I have two sisters and two brothers, and I have a papa and mamma, too. I expect some of you have not, so we who have a mamma and papa ought to be very happy. Don't you think so?

We live on a homestead out in sunny Idaho. This is a new part opened for settlement a few years back. We can see mountains all around us. We live in a beautiful valley and the flowers grow abundantly. Mamma and I have been planting watermelons. When they get ripe come over and eat watermelon with us. This is the first time I have attempted to write to your columns, so I will close before I tire you.—Lola, Greenfield, Idaho.

As I have never seen a letter written from this place, I will endeavor to write one. I am a little boy, 10 years old. I am in the sixth grade at school. My teacher's name is Mr. W. I. Thompson. I like him very well. As I have told about the school, I will go back and tell about some other things. At home I have a baby sister. For pets I have a cat and a colt. I like to read the children's letters and the Poets' Corner. I have been a reader of The Blade for about one year. If I see this letter in print I will write again. I will close with a conundrum:

Why will the emblem of America outlive those of France, England, Scotland and Ireland?—Yours truly, Kenneth Abbott, Kansas.

Dear Boys and Girls—A little orphan boy 6 years of age wishes to write you. I am living with my grandparents on a farm near a village where I go often. My grandpa takes The Blade and they read the children's letters to me, which I enjoy immensely. I have chickens, ducks, cats, a calf and pigs for pets. I have a big time fishing and go every chance I get. My playhouse is in a pretty flower garden, where I tend many kinds of flowers. My favorite flower is all of them. I am going to sit under a vine-covered arbor this summer and read and study some. I go to Sunday school. I am very fond of work and am always busy.—Your friend, Robert Allan Kasey, Virginia.

I am 8 years old. My grandpa takes The Blade. Grandpa lives in the country and I am there now. We moved from Kansas City, Missouri, last summer. I like the country best. I have a little garden and I like to help my auntie care for her chickens. I had a pet hen once. My auntie gave it to me and I sold it and got me a watch. I like to do fancy work. My great-grandpa is 87 years old. My papa gave me a silver cornet for Christmas, so some day I can play in the band with him. Good-by this time. Edward McHenry, Pennsylvania.

THE OLD MAID'S LUCK

(Author Unknown.)

The French have a saying for her who confesses
To birthdays outnumbering twenty and five;
'Tis that she is "binding St. Catherine's tresses"
(The French are the most polite nation alive!)

I've been "binding" those "tresses" of freedom unwary
For—no, you're too eager, I won't say from when;
But girls I once spoke of as contemporary
Seem now like my seniors by years at least ten.

For invalid husbands, or, worse, those grown stupid,
Frail children, economy, planning and care
(Surely marriage must give back some sight to Cupid)
Have wrinkled their faces and whitened their hair.

Whenever a dance or a porch party's pending,
A walk or a frolic, no matter which set
Oh, straightway for me, the "old maid," they are sending;
The wives and mere matrons they sometimes forget.

If I long for children I've only to borrow,
As I wish, a day or a week they are mine,
If today I should dine with a bore, why tomorrow
The prince of good fellows may ask me to dine.

Yes, be wives sad or happy, I am not afraid
To say it's GOOD fortune to be an old maid!

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL"

(Author Unknown.)

I remember how I loved her, when a little guileless child,
I saw her in the cradle as she looked on me and smiled;
My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell,
And I bless'd the glorious Giver, who "doeth all things well."

Months passed; that bud of promise was unfolding every hour,
I thought that earth had never smiled upon a fairer flower.
So beautiful it well might grace the bowers where angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne who "doeth all things well."

Years fled, that little sister then was dear as life to me,
And woke in my unconscious heart a wild idolatry.
I worshipped at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,
Forgetful of the praise of Him who "doeth all things well."

She was the lovely star whose light around my pathway shone
Amid this darksome vale of tears through which I journey on.
Its radiance had obscured the light which round His throne doth dwell,
And I wandered far away from Him who "doeth all things well."

That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Saviour's brow.
She bowed to the destroyer, whose shafts none may repel,
But we know, for God has told us, He "doeth all things well."

I remember well my sorrow as I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish when they told me she was dead.
And oh! that cup of bitterness; let not my heart rebel
God gave; He took; He will restore, He "doeth all things well."

POEMS REQUESTED

The following are lines from a poem wanted by a soldier "boy:"

'Tis a calm and beautiful night, love,
As my soldier couch I spread.

Another soldier boy wants the song, current in war times, called Mary's Dream.

"In a thatched covered cot by the bend in the road," is a line from a poem requested.

The old war song is asked for which begins like this: Noble republic, happiest of lands.

I thank everyone who has renewed subscriptions and the new ones, also, who have joined our company.

HER SUPERIORITY

The Delineator for May.

Jennie and Viola, both five years of age, had been mentioning their numerous possessions and mildly boasting about them. "I've got the most clothes," said little Jennie. "Yes, but I've got the most dolls," replied Viola. "Well, I've got more brothers than you," answered Jennie. Viola seemed done up for a minute, but for a minute only. Then she came out with, "Well, I've got the biggest feet," in a proud tone that appeared to settle the matter. And it did, so far as Jennie was concerned, for she replied sadly, "Yes, I guess you have," and nothing would console her.

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

IBUTE TO WAR HERO

uestrian Statue of Gen. eo. A. Custer Unveiled at Monroe With President Taft Present.

Monroe, Mich., June 4.—Presnt Taft today joined with the ple of Michigan in paying tri- e to the memory of Major neral George Armstrong Cus-

He stood beside Mrs. Elizah B. Custer, the widow of the l war soldier and martyr of Little Big Horn, as she tugd at the long streamer of cavy yellow ribbon which released flags and unveiled the splenbronze equestrian statute of ster, which has been erected in city amid the scenes of his th.

fterward the President made a f address in which he gave Custer h credit for his valor and deeds in . The orator of the occasion was ator William Alden Smith, who ke just before the President. He ed a striking tribute to Mr. Taft is eulogy of Custer. The senator lared that the present occupant of White House would take rank with most illustrious of our presidents. While you remember Grant, Lin-, McKinley, the intrepid Roosevelt others of the illustrious line, our sident of today, in character, in adth of fitness, in determination, triotism and love of country is the r of them all." When Mr. Roose-'s name was mentioned there was pple of applause which changed to heer as the senator's tribute to Mr. t was concluded.

ccording to program the Presi-'s address was next, but at his re-st Senator William Alden Smith, of nd Rapids, preceded him with an tion.

enator Smith, in closing, said it a great compliment to have the sident of the United States, the atest man in the world, ask him precede him. He extended to Custer the wish that this day give her renewed life and vigor ive in the memory of one who is ized by everyone in the state of higan.

hairman Kirchner introduced the sident, and as the crowd on the d arose as one man he was cheerand given a Chautauqua salute. ee more cheers were proposed by irl in the crowd, and after they been given the President began address.

Major General D. McGregg and adier General Edward W. Whitr, on the program for remarks, e absent.

nited States Senator Julius C. Burs, of Kalamazoo, paid brief exporaneous tribute to Custer, after ch Will Carleton, Michigan's poet, d an original poem, "The Heart and Sword."

Thousands Are Present.

wo hours before the President ard or the parade moved thousands visitors crowded the streets over line of march, and surged around large square roped off around the ument for the military organizas. Michigan National Guardsmen e detailed for patrol duty, and kept fect order.

he President's train arrived from roit as the parade moved west on st street, half a mile to the monut. It was headed by Michigan alry officers, followed by President t with Captain Butt, U. S. A., and ernor Fred M. Warner, of Michi- in an automobile.

ll along the line the President was ered and as he passed the monut and speakers' stand on the way St. Mary's college, a mighty shout t up.

ollowing the President were 20 auobiles occupied by secret service officers of the Old Custer regists, the monument commission, local mittees, distinguished visitors and mayor of Monroe.

one of the autos were General J. t Hamilton and Henry Vortriede, of edo, who were at the station to et the President when his special ived.

President Meets Mrs. Custer.

t St. Mary's college an informal re-tion lasting 30 minutes was held the President. There he met Mrs. ter, the general's widow, member he Custer brigade and other noted sts. On the return of the parade m the college to the monument, it reviewed by the President and ty from the old Custer homestead, Monroe street.

hen the parade returned from St. y's Academy to the monumen re were 100 girls, dressed in white, the lower platform, to participate the chorus of patriotic songs ged above them were seats for speakers, the Custer family and honored guests.

very vantage point was occupied sightseers, who even crowded the s of business blocks fronting Mont Square.

evin J. Custer, the general's only viving brother, arrived at the monent in advance of the parade, and modest old gray-haired farmer was eted with a cheer.

t precisely 10:50 Mrs. Elizabeth on Custer stepped into the flagped speaker's booth and pulled the ow (cavalry color) ribbon that reed the two immense flags that had cealed the monument. As the ue burst into view three mighty ers were given, a salute was fired the military bands joined in the Spangled Banner. President Taft od directly behind Mrs. Custer.

For just this moment," she re-ked to him, "I precede the Presit of the United States."

t was doubtless the proudest moent in the heroic woman's life, and s welled unbidden to her eyes as looked steadfastly at the features bronze of her heroic husband whose mory the nation honors today, 34 rs after his death in battle.

eneath the stand from which he d were a wreath of sage brush from Little Big Horn battlefield and the ter guidon, or cavalry flag.

dward C. Potter, sculptor, of enwich, Conn., confined his reks to explaining why the monut was faced south, away from the iness district. He said that at ysburg the monuments always ed toward the line of the enemy, it was especially appropriate t the Custer statue face the south. he formal presentation of the ue by Governor Fred M. Warner, Michigan, followed the reading of eton's poem.

t was accepted by Mayor Jacob M. tin, of Monroe. The band played erica. Laurel wreaths were placed the base of the monument, the r chorus sang the Old Brigade and benediction was pronounced by the ht Rev. Charles D. Williams, hop of Michigan.

special train, with the President's attached, was run on a siding to nument Square.

he presidential party boarded it at n and were rushed to Jackson, ch, to attend the celebration of the i-centennial of the organization of Republican party.

Mrs. Custer was a dinner guest of Monroe Civic Improvement asso-ion and a public reception was ten-ed her this afternoon at the Park el.

"Sighting the Enemy."

n its conception and execution the tute is made to represent the experience of General Custer and which may be fitting termed "Sighting the Enemy."

The pedestal of the monument, very beautiful in simplicity of line and grace of proportions, is after a design by Hunt & Hunt, a well-known firm of architects in New York. The bronze castings of the statue were made by Gorham & Co., New York, and the work is of the highest excellence. The pedestal is of polished Concord granite, and was supplied by Mr. John Swenson, Concord, New Hampshire.

In the matter of inscription, an innovation has been made upon the custom usually followed. It was the opinion of the commission that, in placing the single word "Custer" upon the pedestal, no higher tribute to his greatness could be paid; that any inscription could tell—and much the name alone embraced all that and more. Excepting the words "Erected by the State of Michigan," no other inscription has been used.

The contract with Mr. Potter provided for the payment to him of $24,000, which amount was to be paid in the following manner, to-wit: $5,000 when the working model of the statue was approved; $7,000 when the full-sized model in plaster was completed; $7,000 when statue was successfully cast in bronze, and $5,000 when completed monument should be in place and ready for dedication. The several payments were safeguarded by a bond of $24,000, running to the state of Michigan.

DENIES CURLEY'S STORY

John Burkman, the last person to whom General Custer spoke before riding to death with his entire command at the Little Big Horn June 25, 1876, traveled 1,000 miles to witness the unveiling of the monument. Burkman now lives in Billings, Mont., He was an expert horseman and for seven years was Custer's orderly, giving personal attention to the magnificent horses which his commander rode.

Burkman declares positively that, notwithstanding the statements of some biographers, historians and poets who have written of the Custer massacre, not one of the scouts and troopers who went into that last battle with Custer survive. It has been recorded that a Crow Indian scout employed by Custer escaped from the field of battle by letting his hair fall and thus disguising himself as one of the attacking Sioux. It has even been written that Curly attempted to show Custer himself a way to safety, but that the general refused to desert his command though the battle was hopelessly lost.

"Curly is still alive, in the west, but he was not in the battle at all," said Burkman yesterday afternoon. "I expected to be at the front and was much disappointed when, after I had saddled the general's war horse, he ordered me to remain in the rear, two miles and a half from the scene of battle to care for the reserve horses and pack train. Curly was back there. I saw him pursuing a big buckskin horse which he finally captured and rode away toward the battlefield. He galloped back and, as he rode, leaned his head to one side and put his hands up to it. That meant, in Indian sign language, that our soldiers were all 'asleep.' That was the first information we men at the rear had of what had occurred. Curly gave it to us, but the statement that he was in the battle himself is absolutely untrue."

Evidently the men who have been active in the Custer monument legislation and plans take this view of the controversy. In all their literature they say that there were no survivors of the battle of the Little Big Horn, and in this Custer's relatives agree.

Mr. Burkman is being entertained in Monroe by Amos Boyer.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to him at 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

HURLS BEANS AT PRINCE

Man With Tin Can Creates Commotion in Berlin.

Berlin, June 1.—There was a commotion among the royal party returning from the annual joint review of the Berlin and Potsdam Garrison at Templehof Field today, when a man who had followed at a distance, hurled a missile at Crown Prince Frederick William. The object missed its mark and fell harmlessly at the feet of a policeman. Upon investigation it was found to be an ordinary tin can such as is used for the preservation of fruit and vegetables and was filled with uncooked beans.

The party was about to enter the palace when the incident occurred and for a moment it was believed that a bomb had been thrown. The police seized the assailant who proved to be a Russian named Abraham Elerweish, a resident of this city. It is thought that he is not responsible for his act.

The crown prince represented the emperor at the review, as the abscess on his majesty's right wrist is still bothering him. Among the Americans present were Herman Ridder and Mrs. Ridder, of New York; Harold McCormick, of Chicago; H. C. Emery, of the tariff board and the German American Veterans, who are visiting the fatherland.

MORE BANKERS IN JAIL

Pittsburg, June 2.—After having pleaded no defense to charges of conspiracy and bribery in connection with the recent municipal corruption exposures, two bankers were sentenced to jail and fined in criminal courts Wednesday.

E. H. Jennings, president of the Columbia National bank, and F. A. Griffen, cashier of the same institution, appeared before five judges, the former receiving a fine of $500 and two months' sentence in the Allegheny county jail, and the latter a fine of $500 and four months' sentence in the same county institution. The two bankers were immediately taken to jail to begin their term of sentence.

TAFT SAYS CUSTER RANKS WITH GREAT CAVALRY LEADERS

Monroe, Mich., June 4.—In his extemporaneous speech at the unveiling of the Custer statue here today, President Taft declared that Custer took rank with the greatest cavalry commanders of the world. "From Bull Run to Appomattox, in every bloody battle of the Army of the Potomac, he was the right arm of the commander of the forces as the leader of the cavalry brigade. A brigadier general at 23, a major general at 25, he showed in his life that same youth and force that we have in most of the great soldiers of the world."

The President declared that the phase of Custer's career, however, which appealed most deeply to him was his share in the Indian wars.

"He was one of the 25,000 men composing the regular army whose work we do not fully appreciate as much as I wish we did. The army then and the army of today is one of which the United States may well be proud. I say this merely to note the indebtedness of the country to the army during the opening of the west and to testify to the effectiveness and heroism of George Armstrong Custer in that great battle which continued for a decade, that great war for civilization of which he was the most conspicuous and shining sacrifice."

Senator Smith's Tribute.

"Perhaps Custer was not as patient as Grant; not as well poised as Thomas, yet he was bound heart to heart with these great men. He fused his ideas into a brilliant glow of inspiring and sublime energy as he gracefully moved among his comrades a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night.

"He bore a commission from on high; he was a special messenger of God in America's greatest trial. Our flag is brighter and more beautiful because of the daring heroism of this idea of the Michigan brigade."

The senator closed with a glowing tribute to Mrs. Custer.

Senator Julius Caesar Burrows spoke directly after the President finished his address.

"Magnificent in proportion, splendid in execution, the statue is a fitting tribute to the man whom it represents" said the senator.

"I do not know what its foundation is, but if it is planted deep in eternal rock it will not be more enduring than his fidelity."

ARMY NOW IN FLIGHT

Another Victory Is Won by Insurgent Forces at Bluefields.

Bluefields, June 4.—Advices received here state that the insurgent forces under General Mena at Rama have defeated and put to flight the government troops commanded by General Chavarria.

William Pittham, the American who laid the mines for the insurgents, was captured by the government troops and will be tried by court martial.

The troops passed to the assault over five mines, only one of which was exploded. Pittham was wounded and captured, it is said, as he was engaged in operating the mechanism through which the hidden engines of destruction were released.

Following the withdrawal of the Madriz forces from the immediate vicinity of this city, General Chamorro with 400 men was dispatched to Rama to reinforce General Mena. General Chamorro arrived at Rama Thursday and General Mena at once sent a messenger to the government headquarters in the field offering Chavarria 12 hours in which to surrender or fight. In reply Chavarria made a dash from a fortified position on a hill close to Rama, with the object, it is said, of escaping to the interior. When Mena learned that the enemy was escaping he sent General Recreo with a strong force to cut off its retreat. An engagement followed and continued for three hours when the troops of President Madriz became thoroughly demoralized and fled in every direction, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

Thursday evening Thomas P. Moffatt, the American consul, issue a proclamation declaring that vessels entering the port of Bluefields must pay custom duties to the government headed by General Estrada, the revolutionary leader. Subsequently the schooner Cayee entered the harbor and was not interfered with by the government officials, who are in possession of the custom house on Bluefields Bluff.

The action of the United States in ruling that the revolutionists may receive custom duties has been received with enthusiasm and is considered a great victory for General Estrada. Its effect is to rob the government of the fruits of its capture of Bluefields Bluff and the custom house which, after having been seized by the insurgents, were recently taken by the troops loyal to the administration of President Madriz.

The American decision also destroys the effectiveness of the government's steamer Venus, which is lying off Bluefields, but is rendered impotent to aid President Madriz in subduing the rebellious territory on the Atlantic coast. It is believed here that General Mena has by this time surrounded and captured Chavarria's army.

May Capture Chavarria.

Washington, June 4.—Senor Castillo, representative in Washington of the Estrada government, received the following dispatch early today from General Estrada's headquarters:

"Yesterday General Mena defeated General Chavarria at El Recreo, completely destroying the enemy. We expect that General Mena will capture General Chavarria and his staff, who are in flight up the river, at El Muele de Las Beuells. General Mena is rushing troops overland to head off the retreat, while the fugitives are being followed up the river by Captain Cotom and an armed force."

Further advices to Senor Castillo stated that General Chavarria and his staff were absolutely without guard, none of the army having been saved to aid them in their retreat.

UNIONS SCORE POINT

Barred From Attack Under Anti-Trust Law.

Washington, June 3.—By a vote of 81 to 52 the house adopted an amendment to the sundry civil bill providing that no money appropriated for the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law should be used for the prosecution of labor organizations.

Another point was scored by union labor, with the announcement of the abandonment of plans looking to the passage of the Taft anti-injunction bill for this session of congress, at least.

It is said that many members of congress lately called upon President Taft and urged upon him that anti-injunction legislation be not pressed at the present session. Prominent labor leaders have protested vigorously against the administration bill and the attitude of union labor in general has been hostile.

"The lateness of the session and the importance of an early adjournment probably will prevent action on the bill," said Representative Moon, of Pennsylvania, who introduced the bill. "It will be taken up at the next session and pressed for speedy action."

Action was taken by the judiciary committee of the house looking to the appointment of a joint commission of the house and senate "for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the subject of employers' liability and workmen's compensation."

The proposed commission would be required to report to the President not later than November 1, 1911, a basis for legislation to carry out a scheme of compensation for the injury or death of workmen. This plan mutually was favored by employers and employes who appeared before the committee. The personnel of the commission would be two members of the senate, two members of the house and two other persons to be selected by the President.

BIPLANE WINS FAME

Dayton Man's Air Craft Is Used by Capt. Rolls in Great Flight.

Dover, England, June 3.—It was in a Wright biplane that Charles S. Rolls, captain in the London section of the army motor reserve, vindicated Anglo-Saxon aeronautics by crossing the English channel twice last evening, without alighting. He made the round trip between Dover and Calais in 90 minutes.

While two Frenchmen, Louis Bleriot and Count de Lesseps, have crossed the channel in aeroplanes, it remained for an Englishman in an American machine to perform the double feat. The distance across between the two points named is 21 miles, so that his over-water flight of 42 miles without a stop establishes a new record.

Captain Rolls left Dover at 6:30 o'clock. The atmospheric conditions were excellent. He lost no time in maneuvers, but after describing a circle headed towards the coast of France. In anticipation of the flight torpedo boats steamed at full speed across the straits, but the pace of the aeroplane was swifter.

Captain Rolls sent his machine to a height of 800 feet, and at that altitude he skimmed through the air like a great bird. The motor worked perfectly. The crowd that watched the start confidently awaited the return, and it was not long before the speck, which those who had telescopes saw disappear on the French coast, reappeared, growing larger with every minute.

When finally the aviator became visible to the naked eye cheer after cheer arose from the enthusiastic spectators, and as he gracefully soared toward the landing place made famous by Bleriot, he was given an ovation. He alighted at 8 o'clock at almost the same spot as Bleriot, showing little signs of the strain of his magnificent flight.

Captain Rolls was overwhelmed with congratulations as he dismounted, but these he received modestly. He said much of the credit was due to the biplane, which ran perfectly throughout the whole flight, not missing sparking once.

As he was passing over Sangatte the aviator dropped a paper tied with tri-color ribbons containing the following message:

"Greetings to the Aero club of France, dropped from a Wright aeroplane, crossing from England to France. Vive l'Entente."

Capt. Rolls has successively followed the sports of bicycling, automobiling, ballooning and aeroplaning. At Cambridge university he was the captain of the bicycle team. Later he competed successfully in numerous automobile competitions and was awarded the gold medal for his performance in the 1,000 miles trial of 1900 in England. He drove as the representative of Great Britain in the Gordon Bennett race of 1908. Several times he broke the world's record for speed.

Captain Rolls has made more than 160 balloon ascensions. Taking up the sport of heavier-than-air machines, he made a flight with Wilbur Wright at Le Mars in October, 1908. On May 27 last he started to make the cross-channel flight, but he had gone but a few yards when his engine failed and the attempt was abandoned.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE

to have your Kidneys and Bladder feel as well as they used to?

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), 32 Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., will gladly and without a penny of your money) direct you to the splendid remedy he successfully used in his own case.

FIGHT TO SAVE WATER

Plan of American to Export Water Is Bitterly Opposed.

Winnipeg, Man., June 3.—Residents of Fort Frances, Ont., will resist the attempt of E. W. Backus, of Minneapolis, to induce the dominion and Ontario governments to allow him to export 6,000 horse power from the Canadian side for use in his mills in International Falls, Minn.

All the towns along the boundary as far east as Fort William and Port Arthur have taken up the cause of Fort Frances and wired protests to their members in parliament to oppose the transfer of power by every means within their reach.

Against Backus Proposal.

All the leading newspapers from western Canada to the Great Lakes have taken up the matter, and Clifford Sifton, chairman of the conservation commission, which deals with water powers in Canada, has come out strongly against the Backus proposal. It is felt that Mr. Sifton's position as to this matter will have much weight with the dominion government and may yet veto the arrangement, if one has been made by the Ontario government favoring Backus.

Before the Ontario and Minnesota Power Co. could divert and transmit power available on the Canadian side across the line it was necessary that details should be submitted to the railway commission of Canada, which corresponds to the interstate commerce commission of the United States. A mass meeting of Fort Frances citizens called to consider the question so impressed the railway commission with its objections that the chairman informed Mr. Backus that before he could divert the power from the Canadian side it would be necessary for him to obtain the consent of both the provincial and dominion governments.

30,000 Horse Power Available.

The total available power of the falls developed is 30,000 horsepower, equally divided between the Canadian and American sides. Ten years ago Mr. Backus obtained the charter on the understanding, the people of Fort Frances assert, that he was to develop the whole power in one joint plant with power houses on each side of the river and establish industries in each town. It is now seen, say the Canadians, that Mr. Backus, has no intention, if he can help it, of establishing industries on the Canadian side.

HEROES' DEEDS RECALLED

Tablet to Kit Carson and General Beale Is Unveiled.

Washington, June 1.—In commemoration of a deed of daring and bravery during the war between the United States and Mexico, a bronze tablet was unveiled in the new national museum Tuesday to the memory of General Edward F. Beale, of this city, and Kit Carson, the famous frontiersman and scout. The tablet is inscribed with an account of their heroism when the American army, which was sent from Santa Fe to occupy California, was met and defeated by the Mexicans at San Pasquale.

The American forces were driven upon a butte where there was no water and there were surrounded by the Mexican army. Beale and Carson, both famous explorers of the west, volunteered to get through the Mexican lines to obtain assistance from Admiral Stockton's fleet at San Diego. They crawled past three cordons of Mexican sentries during the night, hid in ravines during the day and finally, after great hardship, reached the fleet.

EDUCATION HELPS HOME

President, in Bryn Mawr Address, Extols Women's Colleges.

Philadelphia, June 2.—President Taft told the graduating class of young women at Bryn Mawr college today that he favored the higher education of women and said that he utterly dissented from the suggestion that higher education rather unfits them for the duties of a wife and mother. One of the great advantages of the higher education for a woman, the President said, is the independence that it gives her in the choice of the kind of life which she is to lead.

The President arrived at the college shortly before 11 o'clock, and was enthusiastically received by the faculty, the students, and their friends.

After affectionately greeting his daughter Helen, who is a student at the college, and will be graduated next year, the President, with Mrs. M. Carey Thomas, president of the college, led the procession from Taylor Hall to the cloister garden, where, under an immense awning, the commencement exercises were held. Two thousand five hundred persons, nearly all of the gentler sex, were there ahead of the President, and he was warmly greeted.

The President's address was given close attention, and when he came out strongly for the higher education for women, he was greeted with a storm of hand-clapping.

During the exercises it was announced that the college had more than made up the $380,000 required in order to receive the $250,000 awarded to Bryn Mawr by the General Educational Board.

Mr. Taft was entertained at luncheon at the Deanery after the exercises. There were about 150 guests present. The President spent the afternoon at the college and will leave for Ada, Ohio, about 5 o'clock.

TAFT TALKS OF VALUE OF WOMEN'S EDUCATION

Philadelphia, June 2.—President Taft, in his address to the graduates of Bryn Mawr college today on Woman's College Education, spoke in part as follows:

"Young ladies of the graduating class:

"Your able and distinguished president has asked me at this commencement to say something in respect to the higher education of women. It is of course a theme most relevant and germane to the occasion, but it is one of which I hesitate to speak in the presence of those who have made it their life study and whose opinions in regard to the matter are of so much more real weight than my own.

"The marvelous progress in material and other ways made by the world in the nineteenth century is only less wonderful than the ease and rapidity with which we forget the steps in the progress, the difficulties in its attainment and the conditions that existed prior to its coming."

Shows Rapid Advance.

The President revived the advances made in educational advantages for both sexes since 1800, reciting the growth from the two small schools in Pennsylvania that offered opportunity for even a grammar school education for girls in that year to the magnificent colleges of the present day, turning out women of learning in the highest form. Continuing the President said:

"I dissent from the view that an academic education unfits a man or woman for business. It may be that the tastes that lead one to an academic education are not those which insure business success; but that the mental discipline, the power of reasoning, the cultivation and comparison of ideas, are not of assistance in business transactions in which the highest qualities of the mind are acutely inaction, can hardly be true.

"But it is said that women are not all going into the professions, and so that the education necessary as a basis for a professional career is not needed by those women who have a competency or who look forward to marriage and motherhood as the chief end of woman. It is even suggested that the higher education of women rather unfits them to discharge the duties of a wife and mother that in some way or other it robs them of a charm and gives them an intellectual independence that is inconsistent with their being the best wives and mothers.

Makes Home Life Happy.

"I utterly dissent from this view. The companionship of married life is the chief charm and reason for its being, so far as it relates to the two persons concerned. The enjoyment of the home, with the children and the training of them are of course among the most important duties and pleasures of married life, and it certainly does not detract from the power of a woman to make a good companion or to teach and train her children up to high ideals that she should have the advantage of the higher education. It is not essential that a woman who knows much must conform to the unattractive manner and ways of the conventional blue stocking; that she should make the extent of her knowledge a source of discomfort to those with whom she associates, or that she should lose her interest in the sentiment and emotions of life, or fail to have an appreciation of beauty and romance.

"I am quite ready to concede that marriage and motherhood are a normal status for woman, and other things being equal she is happier in that condition than in any other. But this is far from saying that a woman's life is a failure because she has not married, and that her life may not be a failure because she has married. The home and the family are the nucleus of the highest happiness, but if circumstances are such as to force women to accept husbands whom they do not respect and love and whom they would not marry except to escape a life of poverty, the home and the family are not likely to be a model or to furnish an ideal.

Gives True Independence.

"One of the great advantages of the higher education for women, in my judgment, is in the independence that it gives her in the choice of the kind of life which she is to lead. In the profession of teaching the women already have the advantage over men in point of number. It is true that they do not receive the same compensation as men. I do not know how this can be remedied. I presume that the salaries received are affected by the same law as that which controls prices in other markets, to-wit: the law of supply and demand, and as there are more female teachers than male teachers, and as the common opinion is in many institutions that there ought to be some men teachers, the men receive higher salaries.

"We cannot be blind to the general movement in favor of opening more and more occupations, not dependent on physical strength to the female sex. I do not think we can estimate the enormous advantage that the generation has enjoyed and that the future generations are to profit by in the increasingly sound and thorough education of the mothers of families. I do not think we can estimate the increased happiness that men and women have experienced who as husbands and wives have enjoyed the higher sense of companionship that is made possible by the intellectual sympathy and association of ideas between two thoroughly educated people.

Values Beyond Profession.

"The higher education of woman should be sought wholly without regard either to a professional or matrimonial future. The mental discipline that it affords, the mental pleasures that it makes possible, the enjoyment of reading and study that it invites, are enough in and of itself to be compensation for the effort in securing it. As life wear on, and the active joys that wear away with youth and young womanhood disappear, and the time of quiet leisure extends itself into one's life, the purely intellectual enjoyments become greater, and if one has a mind trained for use in solving intellectual problems, and in reading the philosophy of history, in the study of science, the pursuit of art, her life is richer, her means of self-entertainment largely increased and the possibility of a serene old age made much greater.

"Before I close I wish to call attention to one advantage that I think there is in the independent woman's college. It may be that my view of this is inspired by that sense of infallibility which Dr. David Starr Jordan ascribes as a result of the training at Harvard or Yale; but whatever its cause, I cannot help giving expression to it. It seems to me that there must be a close analogy in the benefits derived from the associations of life in Bryn Mawr and those which every graduate of a college and university like Yale values even more highly than he does the mental discipline and the learning which he acquires from his college course.

True Friendships Formed.

"The friendships that are formed in college, by an association of four years at a time of life when our natures are malleable, when our characters are being formed, when we are not old enough to have had our selfishness indurated, when we respond more quickly to the emotions, when our ideals of friendship and our actual friendships are more nearly the same, are more enduring than friendships formed thereafter. There are friendships that bear the tooth of time, and the rust of absence. There are friendships that can be taken up in a moment, after an interval of 20 years, and seem as fresh and as fragrant as the flower of the friendship when it first budded.

"There is one danger of a college education, and four years' life under college influence that it seems wise to warn against. It is the danger of discontent with the surroundings of the home to which a college girl goes back after graduation, and the yielding to the feeling that her own town or city does not offer to her the opportunities which she is entitled to in the use of the education which she has acquired. It gives her, after she is settled at home again, a nil admirari spirit, a longing for something she does not have, a spirit of criticism toward everything which surrounds her, and a consequent inability to contribute to the happiness of those with whom she lives or comes in contact. This is not the right result of the higher education.

"A young lady with a higher education has much to learn after graduation in the homely details and the drudgery of ordinary life; and the sooner she learns it the happier and the earlier she can adapt to its highest use the knowledge and the mental training acquired in college."

SIX VESSELS WRECKED

Eight Lives Are Lost in Atlantic Gale.

Halifax, N. S., June 2.—Thick fog and a quickly born southwesterly gale resulted in the wrecking of six vessels and the loss of eight men at various points along the rocky north Atlantic coast yesterday.

While most of the crew of 25 were asleep below decks, the French brigantine Mauve, a fishing vessel, piled up in the fog on Point Blanche, at the entrance of St. Pierre harbor, Miquelon, and six men on deck were hurled overboard and drowned. The remaining 19 made their way to shore in small boats and rafts. The Mauve is believed to be a total loss.

The Norwegian bark, Borghild, was driven on Castor ledges, off Port Bickerton, N. S., and at once began to go to pieces in the heavy sea. The crew of nine men launched their small boats, but all of them were battered to pieces on the rocks and two of the men were either drowned or hurled to death on the ledges. The remaining seven, clinging to the wreckage of their boats, were rescued by fishermen.

Half a mile inside of Port Nova, N. S., the British steamer Ben Cruachan, bound from Baltimore to Chatham, N. B., struck the beach so hard that it is doubtful if she can be saved. Her crew of 26 men were rescued. Captain Boswell, it is said, mistook the Louisburg fog siren for the Scattaire whistle, and steered a wrong course, landing in the breakers. Several steamers and tugs have gone to the scene of the wreck.

The tug Pejepscot, with two barges went ashore at Cape Spencer. All the crews escaped. One barge may be saved, but the other and the tug probably will go to pieces on the rocks.

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Price $16.50

$2.25 Down for this "Steinway" Sewing Machine. High-arm, drop head, 5-drawer, solid oak cabinet. All attachments. 10 year guarantee

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Pay When Convenient Your credit is good with us. Why not use it? Under our liberal open account, easy payment plan you can have every possible advantage in buying for your home possessed by the most favored and well-to-do shopper in the city stores. Our credit system is extended to honest people, everywhere, regardless of their income. You need not deny yourself any article of household comfort or luxury on account of a lack of ready cash. Select what you want from our Catalog, pay a little cash down and a little each month.

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Please send, free, my copy of the Mammoth Bargain Catalog No. 62 containing everything for the home on credit.

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Some Interesting Facts About Overlands

Our 800 dealers now are selling over $200,000 worth of Overlands daily. That's a far larger sale than was ever attained by any other car in the world.

Some of the Users

The Government is one of the Overland users. For a year and a half some of these cars have been used in carrying the mails. For 500 days they have made their regular trips, winter and summer, without a moment's delay. Each of these cars has done the work of three horse-drawn vehicles.

The J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company some time ago supplied 25 Overland cars to their country salesmen. They report that one man with one of these cars can do two salesmen's work.

The Altman & Taylor Machine Co. have also begun to supply Overlands to their salesmen.

We have recently built delivery car bodies on 900 Overlands for the use of storekeepers who want them for use as light delivery cars.

All Due to Simplicity

All these new uses for Overlands are due to their utter simplicity. A novice can run one as well as an expert.

The operation of the car is by pedal control. One goes forward or backward, fast or slow, by simply pushing pedals. The hands have nothing to do but steer.

Overlands are almost trouble-proof. The usual complexities have been avoided. One of these cars has been run 7,000 miles, night and day, without stopping the engine.

A child can master the car in ten minutes. Any member of the family can run it. And a car that is relied on to carry the mails is the car which will always keep going.

$3,000,000 Plants

Over $3,000,000 has been invested to produce Overland cars in a perfect and economical way. The cars are made—as watches are made—by modern automatic machinery. Thus we get exactness to the one-thousandth part of an inch. And thus every part is made exactly like every other similar part. All parts are interchangeable.

Because of this machinery and our enormous production we are able to make cars for less than anyone else.

This year we are selling a 25-horsepower car, with 102-inch wheel base, for $1,000. We are selling a 40-horsepower Overland, with 112-inch wheel base, for $1,250. And these prices include all lamps and magneto.

During the past year alone we have cut the cost of Overlands 20 per cent by multiplied production and this labor-saving machinery.

10,000 Tests

The various parts of each Overland car are subjected to 10,000 rigid inspections. Then every car before it goes out, is given a long trial run on rough roads. One of our test roads includes the worst hill in Ohio.

Thus we know that each Overland is a perfect car before it leaves the shop. There are no mistakes.

Those are part of the reasons why Overlands have now come to outsell all other cars that are made. You will want the car which others want when you learn the facts. If you will send us this coupon we will mail you our catalog. We will also tell you the nearest place where you can see the cars.

The Willys-Overland Co. Toledo, Ohio. G2s

Licensed Under Selden Patent.

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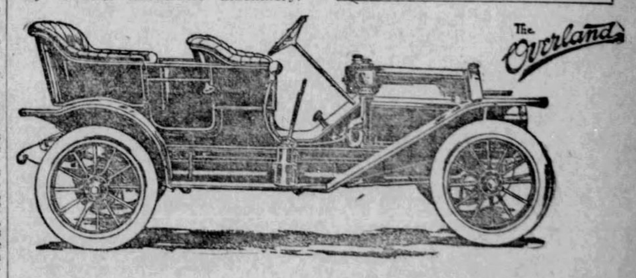

The 25-horsepower Overland costs from $1,000 to $1,100 according to style of body. The wheel base is 102 inches. The 40-horsepower Overland costs from $1,250 to $1,500. All prces include five lamps and magneto.

(34)

5000 MONEY MAKING OUTFITS LOANED FREE

Most unusual offer ever made to honest men and women. $18 to $60 week, year 'round. Wonderful chance for ambitious people to improve their condition—have fine homes—better clothes—luxuries—plenty of money. Paves way to easy work—pleasant business—independence. You're anxious to get ahead, so read—act—Be one of the lucky 5000.

YOU'LL MAKE $3, $5, $10, MAYBE $20 A DAY. You've been seeking bigger opportunities with same outfit I now offer to loan you free. Call on neighbors—friends. They will become charmed—delighted with handsome samples. Orders will come thick and fast. Henry O. Flint, LaValle, Wis., (farmer) made $18.30 in four hours. Mrs. E. Sanborn, Lewiston, Pa., widow, paid $500 debts, put daughter through college, paid another girl's board and laid up $1,100 in four years, all with same outfit I loan you free. Get your outfit today. Write now. Just say "I'll start"—"I'll work".

Address A. D. COUP, Mgr. 402 Royal Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MALE HELP WANTED.

Government employes wanted, $600 to $1,500; examinations announced everywhere July 15th. Preparation free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. U 32, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTED WRITER DIES

Operation Proves Fatal to "O. Henry."

New York, June 6.—William Sidney Porter, known best under his pen name of "O. Henry," the writer of short stories, died Sunday at Polyclinic hospital. He underwent an operation Friday and never rallied. Mrs. Porter, who had been in South Carolina, was summoned by telegraph, but did not arrive here until after her husband's death.

Mr. Porter was born in Greensboro, N. C., 42 years ago and began his journalistic career on the Houston Post. Before that he had been cowboy, sheep herder and druggist, and an extensive traveler. The general public knew little of his private life, for he shunned interviewers and was content to be known merely through his writings as "O. Henry."

His breezy paragraphs penned in Texas first drew attention to the young writer several years ago. Then he launched forth with "Sunday stories" for a New York paper and was quickly recognized as a writer of ability. Magazine stories followed, and his fame was assured. It was only two years ago, however, that any but his closest friends knew his real name. Then he reluctantly consented to have his photograph printed with a brief biographical sketch.

He had been in poor health for some time, but it was not thought his illness was serious. Wednesday he dined with friends and seemed in his usual spirits. Friday night he was taken ill and removed to a hospital. A minor operation was performed, but up to within an hour of his death Sunday it was thought he would recover. Derangement of both liver and kidneys, however, proved more deep seated than had been thought and he sank rapidly.

Wireless Service Across Continent

Chain of Stations From Atlantic to Pacific to Revolutionize Telegraph and Telephone Industries.

Amalgamation of FOUR BIG Companies to Reduce Expenses—Dividends Promised Quickly.

The cause of the Wireless Telegraph and Telephone industry has been advanced at least five years, by the amalgamation of several leading companies, and the acquirement of the control of their stations, patent rights and contracts.

The Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company offers you an investment in a profitable growing enterprise, which already has practical operating money earning stations along the Atlantic Coast and throughout New England, on the Great Lakes, and along the Pacific Coast, at fourteen important business points, serving not only the inland trade but operating to ocean and lake-going vessels.

Only seven additional stations are needed to perfect a system of overland service available to the public from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the funds now invited from the public will be used to complete these stations.

Endorsed by U.S. Government

The service of this company is endorsed by the government, patronized by leading commercial houses, and pronounced successful wherever used, while the operation of its stations highly profitable to the company.

We want you to read every word of this announcement. Only by doing so, can you realize how big an opportunity it means to you personally. Already the company has done for wireless telephony and telegraphy that which it took years to perform in the field of telegraph and telephone service by wire.

The officers of the company have shown their conservatism by capitalizing for only five millions of dollars, or just enough to place the transcontinental service of the company on a practical working basis, and allow a sufficient reserve fund for operating expenses. They have left out water and have issued no bonds or preferred stock, in order that every investor, large or small, may participate on a common ground in present and future profits.

The day of wireless investment is here. The business now being done by the company, averaging thousands of messages a day, is proof of the enormous profit which will be shared among the stockholders, once the few additional stations needed to complete a transcontinental service, are established. Within a few months after all the stations now established are in joint operation, the business of the company done through these stations should be more than doubled.

Every Claim Proven Before You Invest

Before you invest a dollar in the stock of this company we want to prove to you that this company is now on a money earning basis, and that by perfecting a transcontinental service, by saving time, effort, competition, rate cutting, and expenses, through centralization of effort, we are now able to offer you the best investment that you could possibly find anywhere. We have no objection in soliciting the small amounts of small investors with us in this undertaking. First—To provide funds immediately with which to erect our new stations and, second—to advertise our transcontinental service and to secure for it the patronage of as many investors as possible, throughout the country.

You must act at once. The stock of the company is being rapidly subscribed at the par value of $1.00 per share. None of it has been offered for less than par, and undoubtedly it will soon sell at a premium.

Write for Our Handsome Free 80-Page Booklet

Clip the coupon appearing in this advertisement NOW, while the thought is ripe in your mind. The slight effort will bring to you information of exceeding value. Let us send to you our handsome book, containing fully illustrated describing the amalgamation of the world's four greatest Wireless Companies, giving you the personnel of directorate, the endorsement of our service by commercial men, government officials and scientists, and containing complete descriptions of the Wireless System, the instruments used in the transmission of sound without wires, and set everything you should know to make you thoroughly conversant with the opportunity offered by this investment.

NOTE: We want men to represent this Company in every community. A permanent position is offered to men of clean record. To earnest workers who can look us to further the success of this great Wireless Company an attractive proposition is open. Write to us.

COUPON

The Sterling Securities Company
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The Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company,
1402-122 Monroe St., Chicago.

Gentlemen:
I have read with interest your advertisement in the Toledo Blade. I want further proof that you have a profitable investment for me to entertain. Without obligation on my part, send me all the information you can relating to the Continental Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company's Securities.

NAME.....

STREET AND NO.....

TOWN.....

STATE.....

NORTON TO ASSIST TAFT

New Private Secretary Will Be Given Extensive Powers.

Washington, June 2.—Charles D. Norton, of Chicago, assistant secretary of the treasury, has been appointed secretary of the President, but will not be able to take up the duties of his new office until next week.

Mr. Norton had breakfast with the President at the White House yesterday morning and it was then that the formal tender was made and accepted. It was reported for a time that Mr. Norton might go to the White House under a leave of absence from the treasury department, but all concerned with the matter soon entered a vigorous denial as to such a plan.

President Taft is particularly pleased that Mr. Norton has accepted the secretaryship. From all sides he has received assurances that Mr. Norton's selection would solve many of his problems. Mr. Taft, it can be authoritatively stated, has the utmost confidence in Mr. Norton and proposes to turn over to him many details which heretofore he has had to deal with himself. Mr. Norton is to be a sort of "assistant president," and he will perhaps be given a wider latitude than any man who has held the office in recent years.

Mr. Norton is in his 40th year. He was born in Winnebago county, Wisconsin, at what is now Oshkosh, and is the son of Rev. Franklin B. Norton, a Congrgational frontier missionary. From his early manhood until he became assistant secretary of the treasury last year, he was identified with the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., first at the home office in Milwaukee, later at Chicago in partnership with A. W. Kimball, becoming sole general agent there in 1905 upon Mr. Kimball's death.

During this time he attended and was graduated from Amherst college in the class of 1893. Mr. Norton married in 1897, Miss Katherine McKin Garrison of New York and they have three children.

The movement in which he takes most pride has been his leading part in the great "plan of Chicago," the stupendous scheme of city reconstruction planned by the Commercial club of that city, of whose general committee on this subject, Mr. Norton is chairman.

President Taft sounded the watchword of economy in public expenditures soon after he came into office and Mr. Norton has been instrumental in carrying out his views in the treasury, the estimates for the appropriations for the next fiscal year being approximately $2,000,000 less than for the current year.

The appointment is a personal one and does not have to be confirmed by the senate.

CENTURY BEHIND AGE

Lawyers Rap Procedure of Modern Courts.

New York, June 2.—The system under which the law is administered in this country is 100 years behind the age; the procedure in equity cases is a scandal to our jurisprudence; many cases are decided not on their merits, but purely on technical questions; and not only has something got to be done about it, but something will be done about it. This is the sum and substance of a statement given out last night by a joint committee on reform in legal procedure of the National Bar association and the National Civic Federation at the conclusion of a conference held in the Lawyers' club at the invitation of Former Judge Alton B. Parker.

"Ninety per cent of the proverbial law's delays," says the statement, "are due to the system under which the law is administered rather than to the intention of the attorneys interested in delayed suits or the benefit resulting to either side from delays. As a matter of fact, it is to everybody's interest to have law suits quickly and cheaply disposed of."

The statement goes on to explain that the rules of equity are borrowed from the English chancery courts, and that most of them have celebrated their centennial. Progress of equity cases in the federal courts is characterized as "a slow and tedious process," and one which is "a scandal to our jurisprudence."

One-third of the questions decided by courts of last resort are said to be questions of practice and procedure of which "an altogether unnecessary percentage of decisions relates to the useless science of appellate procedure. It ought not to require any science to obtain a review in an appellate court of the decision of a lower court."

It is explained that bills recommended by the American Bar association are now before congress to correct these evils and they have the hearty support of President Taft, who has publicly urged a radical change in the administration of the law. Sub-committees of the joint committee will report to the next meeting of the Bar Association to be held in Chattanooga, August 30. Many distinguished lawyers from all parts of the country are on these committees.

PANAMA HATS HELD UP

Two-Thirds of Summer Supply Is Stopped in Customs House.

New York, June 2.—Two-thirds of the Panama hats depended upon by jobbers and retailers to fill their orders for the summer season, have been seized by the government here. The seizure is said to be worth more than $1,000,000.

Special agents of the treasury department who have been investigating the trade in Panama hats for some months say that they found an old-fahsioned, easy-going set of methods in vogue in the customs house that did not suit them. For instance, it was learned that appraisals often were made on bill of lading value, without further examination. A dozen hats worth all the way from $2 to $50 each would be invoiced at a flat cost of $24. The fact that it was customary to accept this flat valuation caused the agents to delve deeper. Correspondence was asked for. It did not in all cases satisfy and more information is demanded. Until it is forthcoming, and unless it is satisfactory, the hats will continue to remain in bond.

J. P. IN BIG LAWSUIT

Rockefeller Also Is Made Defendant in Claim for Millions.

New York, June 6.—John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, August Belmont and other men equally prominent in financial circles, are named as defendants in a $5,000,000 suit filed here in the U. S. circuit court against 7,000 members of the New York Stock Exchange.

The New York Bank Note Co. charges that the individual defendants, escaping legislative and judicial control by their failure to incorporate the exchange "have unlawfully conspired among themselves to compel interstate railroad companies and the large industrial corporations of the United States, by reason of their commercial necessities, to have their stock and bond issues engraved only by the defendant, American Bank Note Co., and its subsidiary and allied companies. It has thereby permitted and caused the formation of a stock and bond engraving trust, which substantially controls such business in the United States and dictates exorbitant prices for its work, to the personal aggrandizement of the defendant bank note company and the individual defendants who are stockholders or influential therein."

The suit is an action for conspiracy under the common law, but the plaintiff's counsel state that the allegations in the complaint describe violations of the provisions of the Serman anti-trust act. Cass & Appel, of 68 William street, appear as counsel for the New York Bank Note Co.

The principal complaint, containing 316 printed folios, was filed Thursday with John A. Shields, United States commissioner, and summonses were issued out of the court directed against all of the defendants. They have 20 days in which to answer the charges set forth in the complaint.

The United Bank Note Corporation, which is capitalized at $60,000,000 in this state, is largely owned and controlled by members of the New York Stock Exchange, it is said. The complaint next set forth an alleged inter-relation between members of the Stock Exchange and the United Bank Note Corporation. The allegations which follow along that line are directed at these particuuar New York Stock Exchange houses.

In conclusion the complaint sets forth several allegations to support its accusation of a conspiracy between members of the New York Stock Exchange to force all of the engraving of stock certificates and bonds by only the American Bank Note Co. or its successor, the United Bank Note Corporation. It is cited that representatives of the exchange in 1909 appeared before the committee on speculation in securities and commodities" appointed by Governor Hughes to investigate the Stock Exchange, and gave evidence that the bank note engraving companies, eligible for stock and bond engraving, were the American Bank Note Co., International Bank Note Co., Western Bank Note & Engraving Co., of Chicago, British-American Bank Note Co., for Canadian securities, and Bradbury-Wilkinson & Co., London, Eng.

It is alleged that each of these corporations is owned and controlled by the American Bank Note Co., and are barred from competition by tariff regulations, and that the exchange representatives intended to convey the false impression that they were competing concerns.

RICE SHOWER IS FATAL

Kernel Lodges in Bride's Ear and Causes Death.

New York, June 4.—Ten years ago Mrs. Asa Cumming of Binghamton, N. Y., was showered with bags of rice by her friends as she left her home on a honeymoon tour. Today she is dead in this city from the effects of one of the kernels of rice being lodged in her ear ever since. The kernel caused an attack of brain fever, which caused her death in the Post Graduate hospital.

When Mrs. Cumming and her husband were pelted with rice as they left on their honeymoon some of it entered her ears. A year passed before she felt any serious effects from the experince. She began to have slight headaches and pains in the back of the head.

Two operations were performed and gave temporary relief. She was in the hospital for a third operation for the removal of the offending kernel when death came.

BOYS CONTINUE TRIP

Oklahoma Children Leave for New York to Greet Teddy.

Washington, June 6.—On their long horseback journey from Oklahoma to New York, whither they are riding to meet Colonel Roosevelt, Louie and Temple Abernathy, the 9 and 6-year-old sons of United States Marshal "Jack" Abernathy, wolf hunter and friend of Roosevelt, left the national capital early Sunday Since leaving their home in Oklahoma the little fellows, who are traveling unaccompanied, have averaged about 50 miles a day. They spent about a week taking in the sights of Washington. While here they called on President Taft and also met Speaker Cannon. They rode as far as Baltimore Sunday.

BIG TIMBER AND IRON DEAL

Oliver Mining Company Secures Options on Upper Peninsula.

Marquette, Mich., June 3.—There was concluded Wednesday one of the most important deals affecting lands in Michigan that has ever been carried through. By its terms the Oliver Iron Mining Co., subsidiary of the United States Steel corporation, takes long term options of upper peninsula holdings of the Michigan Iron & Land Co.

There are two options. The options on the timber covers 313,600 acres. The option on the mineral rights covers, in addition to the over 300,000 acres of land which the Michigan company holds in fee simple, 111,640 acres on which the company holds the mineral rights.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

VEXED AT ROOSEVELT

English People Don't Like His Criticisms.

London, June 1.—Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Guildhall yesterday continued today to be the sensation of the newspapers throughout the country. The editorial comments upon his startling utterances concerning British rule in Egypt were influenced, as a rule, by partisanship. The conservative press defends the conclusions drawn by the American statesman, while the liberal papers oppose his deductions with equal seriousness. But outside the questions of fact set forth the newspapers almost without exception challenge the propriety of a foreign guest of the city criticising the colonial policy of the empire.

The Globe: "It was not the time nor the place, nor was the ex-president the person, to display this particular form of interest in the business of his hosts."

The Pall Mall Gazette: "The unconventional is justified only by success. If he prefers realities to the proprieties where vital interests are concerned, so does the judgment of the British people."

The Standard: "That he should lay hands on one of the nation's private and particular political subjects seemed a social crime not far from sacrilege, but in reading the speech carefully there is found nothing of which to complain."

The Chronicle takes it as a compliment to Anglo-American solidarity, but doubts whether it would be wise for a British ex-premier to imitate the performance in New York or Washington. The Telegraph thanks the colonel for his "bitter medicine," but believes that the British people are sensible enough to swallow the dose. The Daily News seriously takes Mr. Roosevelt to task for "a breach of international manners." The Westminster Gazette questions the necessity and disagrees with the conclusions of the speech. The Star says that "Mr. Roosevelt should learn that he is not exempt from the customs of civilized nations."

Mr. Roosevelt passed today quietly. He visited the national gallery during the forenoon and had luncheon with several men prominent in the Irish-Nationalist party. The former president will be a guest over night at the country home of Frederick C. Selous.

There were 16 leading Nationalists at the luncheon, and Mr. Roosevelt had an intimate discussion of Irish affairs with them. Only two speeches were made, one of welcome by John Redmond and the other a humorous reply by the former president.

Before his departure from London Mr. Roosevelt will be entertained by King George. On this occasion his majesty will receive his guest, not in the capacity of a special ambassador to the funeral of the late king, but as a distinguished visitor.

ROOSEVELT FOR PEACE TASK

President Taft Plans to Appoint Commission.

Washington, June 2.—Former President Roosevelt is expected to head a peace commission provided for in a resolution, which was favorably acted upon by the house committee on foreign affairs today. President Taft has indicated, it is said, that he would appoint his predecessor as chairman of the commission in event it was created by congress. The committee will be directed to visit the capitals in all foreign countries in the interest of securing the limitation of armament of nations and of preserving international peace. Both houses of congress are expected to act favorably upon the resolution.

RAISE RATES ON PETROLEUM

Railway Line in Southwest Take Action.

Washington, June 4.—Advances in rates on petroleum and petroleum products from Chicago, Ill., and Whiting, Ind., have been made by the railway lines operating in the southeastern territory. The tariffs were filed with the interstate commerce commission by C. E. Fulton as agent, representing the Chicago and Ohio river committee. The advances in rates will become effective on July 1, 1910. The tariffs apply to points in North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia, Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee. The increase averages about 2½ per cent.

EARLY TOLL FOR FOURTH

Brooklyn Boy Celebrates, Shoots Self and Tetanus Develops.

New York, June 7.—The first Fourth of July victim for the year has been registered, despite Mayor Gaynor's desire for a safe and sane observance. Frank Knapp, an 18-year-old Brooklyn boy, came home ten days ago and found the children of several neighbors with firecrackers. He was informed that they were "celebrating the Fourth."

To let the youngsters hear more noise, Frank went into the house, got a pistol and filled it with blank cartridges. He fired it until he thought all the chambers were empty. Then he pulled the trigger again just to show a boy how it worked.

Instead of a click there was an explosion and Knapp was burned on the right thigh. The burn began to pain him several days later and tetanus set in. He will die.

HOUSE FAVORS TRADES PAPERS

Passes Bill That Extends Second Class Mail Privileges.

Washington, June 7.—Periodicals of benevolent or fraternal societies, institutions of learning, supported in whole or in part by public taxation, trades unions and professional, literary, historical or scientific societies, are to be admitted to the mails as second-class matter according to the terms of a bill passed by the house Monday.

WILL MAKE DARING FLY

Rochester Physician to Attempt Flight Over Lake Ontario.

Rochester, N. J., June 2.—Dr. William Greene, a well known aviator, who has recently moved to Rochester, will attempt on June 21, to fly from Rochester across Lake Ontario to Toronto. Dr. Greene will use a biplane of his own design and manufacture. As the crow flies, it is about 86 miles from Charlotte, the point of Rochester, to Toronto, a distance over water never yet attempted by aeronaut. Fast boats will relay across the lake under the aviator in order to be on hand in case of an accident.

Miss Fanny Crosby, the hymn writer, overflowed on her 90th birthday with wisdom and humor. Apropos of sight, the blind poet told a reporter a story both pretty and pathetic. "A little boy," she said, "once took up his grandmother's spectacles and put them on his nose, as children will. Then, peering through the glasses, he frowned and said: 'But I can't see, grandma! There must be something between my eyes and the glasses!' What is it?' 'It is 70 years, my child,' the old lady answered."

FLAYS ROOSEVELT

Hearst Demands That He Attend to His Own Business.

New York, June 2.—William Randolph Hearst sends the following cable dispatch from Paris to the New York American:

"I believe it is the ardent wish of every true American abroad that Mr. Roosevelt cease to claim to represent American ideas in these foreign countries and go home to devote his time and attention to whatever private business he may have. Self-respecting Americans are tired of seeing this self-advertising individual parading about Europe, claiming to represent a democratic nation, while seeking to ingratiate hmself in undemocratic ways with the representatives of monarchies and empires.

"Since when has it become necessary to urge England to govern with a rod of iron and a sword of blood? Did she ever fail through excessive gentleness in India, in Ireland, in South Africa, in Egypt or in America? India, Ireland, Egypt and South Africa are broken with the rod of iron, and their soil is wet from the sword of blood.

"America alone successfully resisted, and yet a representative of the United States of America dares to rise in an English assemblage and advocate more of force in England's governmental methods.

"The Irish patriots who have suffered and died for a free or a liberal, or even a just and honest government in Ireland have not complained of any lack of force in England's governmental methods.

"If Roosevelt is right, then our revolutionary war was a mistake; the Boston tea party a treasonable act, and Lexington and Bunker Hill the murderous violence of revolutionists."

Calls for Repudiation.

Saratoga, N. Y., June 2.—George Foster Peabody, the banker, who has been a prominent figure in the councils of the Democratic party, has issued a statement here declaring that the Roosevelt speech in London yesterday was a "piece of reckless jingoism, which should be promptly repudiated by the American people."

The statement proposes the holding of mass meetings in New York and other large cities for the purpose of showing that the people of the United States are not in sympathy with interference in the domestic politics of foreign nations.

Here's a Sarcastic Dig.

London, June 2.—Theodore Roosevelt's Guild Hall speech is again the subject of long editorial comment in most of the London morning newspapers, and it takes the leading place in the topic of the day. The new Botha cabinet of United South Africa yesterday decided to release Dinizuli, son of the famous chief, Cetewayo, who was serving a term of four years' imprisonment in Natal for harboring rebels, and give him a yearly allowance of $2,500, subject to his good behavior. The London radical morning papers sarcastically express the hope that this act of clemency will not incur Mr. Roosevelt's displeasure on the score of "sentimentality."

King George Doesn't Like Reid.

Washington, June 2.—Confidential diplomatic reports both at London and Washington, have it that Ambassador Whitelow Reid is persona non grata to King George V. of England, and as a result the President is embarrassed. Since Mr. Taft made it known that Ambassador Reid's office was to continue until further notice, King Edward's death has occurred, and where, before then, the question presented an official side, now it includes the personal relations of King George and the American ambassador. These are not such as to create unpleasant complications, but offer just enough antagonism to make it advisable for Mr. Reid to retire before the life at the London court regains its usual status.

TAFT STOPS RATE FIGHT

Induces Roads to Delay Increase Until New Bill Passes.

Washington, June 7.—A complete agreement between the government and the recently enjoined railroads of the Western Trunk Line association was reached at a White House conference Monday evening.

The railroads represented agreed to withdraw all rate increases filed to be effective on or after June 1, and agreed to file no more increases until the bill in congress which gives the interstate commerce commission the power to investigate and suspend increases that are not justified becomes a law and goes into effect.

President Taft thereupon stated that the administration's purpose in bringing the injunction suit had been accomplished and the suit would be discontinued. The discontinuance will not be entered, however, until after the new railroad law is signed.

Halt Rate Advances.

The belief was expresed Tuesday that all the other railroads of the country which have filed increased rates, or have had such a plan under consideration, will abide by the agreement reached with the 24 railroads named as defendants in the recent suit.

There will be a conference at the White House Tuesday evening, at which President Brown, of the New York Central; President McCrea, of the Pennsylvania, and other officials representing roads in the eastern and central territory will participate.

That they will acquiesce in President Taft's proposition and hold up the proposed increases until after the new law becomes effective is taken for granted.

Both Sides Satisfied.

All that President Taft has desired is that the interstate commerce commission should have authority to investigate increases in rates to determine whether or not they are justified by prevailing conditions and are just to the shippers. This power is to be conferred under the new law.

The railroads, on the other hand, it is pointed out, are to be relieved of embarrassing litigation, are assured of a "square deal" when their case is presented to the interstate commerce commission and are free to assume the contracts for improvements and extensions which they threatened to cancel had the court proceedings continued.

The new railroad bill contains a clause which gives it effect 60 days after being signed by the President. It will be necessary to make the provision as to supervision of rates by the interstate commerce commission immediately effective, and for this reason it will be necessary to send the bill to conference.

QUAKE SHAKES ITALY

Several Provinces Suffer From Long Continued Earth Tremors.

Naples, June 7.—An earthquake of unusual intensity was experienced throughout southern Italy, including the Island of Scicily Tuesday morning. She extent of the damage has not been determined, but it is believed that many people were killed, and that property losses in certain districts will be heavy.

The shocks spent their force chiefly in the province of Avellino in Central Campania, east of Naples. The village of Calitri suffered severely. One report has it that half of the town was destroyed. Fatalities are reported at San Sossio, Chianche, Castelbaronia and San Sele.

The disturbance disrupted telegraph communication generally in the provinces most affected, and further details are awaited with apprehension. The populations of the various towns which felt the quake were thrown into a panic and the authorities had much difficulty in restoring order.

King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena, upon receiving word of the suffering, left on a special train for the scene, and soldiers and medical corps were dispatched to render first aid. It was announced early in the forenoon that the government had called upon parliament for an appropriation of $100,000 for use among the afflicted.

The latest report received here up to early evening told of many deaths at San Sele, a village of the province of Potenza, in the department of Basilicata.

STOCKS POP UP AGAIN

Dealers Joyful Over Railroad Agreement.

New York, June 7.—The stock market Tuesday showed a violent transfromation from the demoralized weakness of Monday, and prices jumped in even greated disorder than attended the slump of Monday. First prices were from 1 to over 5 points higher than Monday night's closing.

The news that the dispute between the government and the railroads over the proposed advance in freight rates had been settled at the conference at the White House Monday, threw the uncovered bears into a panicky condition, and they bid prices up on themselves in their scramble to secure stocks.

London quotations at the time the stock market opened showed prices of Americans 1 to over 4 points higher than Monday's New York closing, and first prices were run up over even that level. Prices started at 1 to 4 points higher than their close on Saturday, Monday's declines being lost in that excess on the recovery.

Buyers at Monday's low prices found profits accrued that were far in excess of any ordinary movement of weeks. The rush to realize these profits carried prices backwards immediately, the reaction running from 1 to 3 points. The violent activity of the market kept up through these rapid fluctuations.

OVER 1,400 JEWS EXPELLED

Official Figures Show Only 288 Allowed in Kiev.

Kiev, June 7. — Authentic figures have been obtained on the expulsion of the Jews from Kiev. These show that 1,421 individuals have been expelled up to June 5. Of these, 517 came under the ruling allowing them a short time in which the prepare for their departure without restriction, while 904 received passports good only over the route to their specified destination. Two hundred and eighty-eight persons, who originally were ordered expelled, succeeded in proving their right to residence.

The previous estimates of expulsions were based on families, not individuals, and the present figures are confirmatory of the earlier reports.

GRAFTERS ROB INDIANS

Local Officials Do Not Stir to Stop Land Thieves.

Washington, June 3.—"Land grafters" are said to be industriously operating in Seminole county, Oklahoma, where, according to reports quoted in a letter submitted to the house by Secretary Ballinger Thursday, "the township, county and state officers are either in sympathy with the land thieves or are helpless."

The reports, which were written by District Land Agent Cordell, set forth the deplorable condition of the titles to the Seminole allotted lands.

Secretary Ballinger calls upon congress for an appropriation of $6,000 from the Seminole Indian tribal funds in the treasury to defray the cost of government suits to set aside illegal conveyances and protect the possessions of the Seminole allotees.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Wednesday, June 1.—Senate—The senate made material progress with the railroad bill today, adopting several amendments and rejecting others. Among the provisions accepted were two by Senators Simmons and Burton, prohibiting railroad companies from reducing rates to destroy competition. An amendment suggested by Senator Burton imposing a penalty of $5,000 upon carriers for divulging information concerning shipments also was accepted. An amendment by Mr. Bailey re-enacting the commodities clause of the Hepburn act was rejected. Mr. Bailey freely criticised the supreme court. Senator LaFollette's physical valuation amendment also was voted down.

House—The entire session of the house was occupied by a discussion of the administration bill providing for a new civil government for Porto Rica. Democrats opposed the measure, claiming that it provided a less representative government than was now enjoyed by the people of Porto Rica under the Foraker act. Resident Commissioner Larrinaga declared that a majority of the Porto Ricans preferred the present law governing the islands to that proposed by the administration bill.

Thursday, June 2.—Senate—A number of important amendments to the railroad bill were adopted by the senate today. Among these was one by Senator Overman of North Carolina prohibiting federal courts from granting interlocutory injunctions to suspend state laws, except upon an order of three judges, one of whom should be a member of the supreme court or a circuit judge. The provision including telegraph companies within the scope of the interstate commerce law was modified so as to prohibit the granting of telegraph franks and permitting special rates on press dispatches. The time when the bill shall take effect was extended to sixty days after its passage.

House—In the house an amendment was adopted to the sundry civil bill, proposed by Mr. Hughes of New Jersey, and providing that the appropriation for the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law should not be used in the prosecution of labor organizations.

Friday, June 3.—Senate—The railroad bill passed the senate at 9:55 o'clock tonight by a vote of 50 to 12. Senators Chamberlin, Clay, Gore, Poynter, Simmons and Stone are the only Democrats who voted for the bill.

House—An appropriation of $30,000 was made by the house today to enable the secretary of agriculture to make an investigation of methods of making paper from various plants and woods. This provision was made in an amendment to the sundry civil bill, which was under consideration in the house during the entire session.

Saturday, June 4.—House—The sundry civil bill, carrying appropriations of over $110,000,000, was passed by the house today. The railroad bill was delivered to the house by the senate, but in order to permit members to familiarize themselves with that measure it was permitted to lie upon the table until next Monday.

The senate was not in session today.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., June 7. — Improved weather in the northwest, a more aggressive attitude of bears and general bearish sentiment resulted in lower wheat values on the call. Toledo cash started ¼c off at $1.05½, July ½c off at 96⅜c, September ⅜c down at 94⅜c and December ¼c easier at 95¼c. Prices continued to work lower in the early hours. A bullish factor was strength in cables, Liverpool opening 1 pence higher. In the northwest weather is warmer, which is favorable but more rain is needed. Reports from central Indiana indicate that the wheat crop is not as thrifty as could be desired.

A swell induced by better cash demand developed around midday and this in turn was followed by weakness, resulting from rains in the northwest and favorable reports from Canada.

Cash closed ¾c off at $1.05, July ⅝c down at 96½c, Sept. ¼c lower at 94½c, Dec. unchanged at 95½c.

Higher temperatures in the middle section helped the corn bear. Prices were lower all around and should warm weather continue, further breaks can be expected. July opened ½c lower at 60¾c, September ¼c off at 61½c, December ⅛c off at 59c and May, a newly quoted option, at 60c. Losses ranging from ¾c to ½c developed in the initial half hour.

Finals in corn: Cash 60c, July 60⅜c, Sept. 60⅝c, May 58½c.

Oats was weak, in sympathy with other grains and because of the continued splendid appearance of the crop. July started ⅝c off at 39c, September ½c off at 36½c and December ⅜c easier at 37½c.

Cash closed at 40c, July at 39c, Sept. at 36½c and Dec. at 37¾c.

Clover seed values were unchanged from yesterday at the outset, cash opening at $6.80, October and December at $6.50 and March at $6.57½.

Closing clover seed prices were unchanged from the opening or the previous day's.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June7.	Close June6.
Cash	1.05½	....	....	1.05	1.05¾
July	96⅜	97¼	96⅛	96⅜	96¾
Sept	94⅜	95¼	94⅛	94½	94⅞
Dec	95¼	96⅜	95	95½	95½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	60	60¾
July	60⅝	....	....	60⅜	61¼
Sept	61¼	....	....	60⅜	61⅜
Dec	59	....	....	58½	59¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	40	40
July	39	....	38¾	39	39⅝
Sept	36½	36⅝	....	36½	37
Dec	37½	....	....	37¾	38¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.80	....	....	6.80	6.80
Oct	6.50	....	....	6.50	6.50
Dec	6.50	....	....	6.50	6.50
March	6.57½	....	....	6.57½	6.57½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	79	79
No. 3	....	....	....	76	76
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.15	2.15
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.05	7.05
Aug	....	....	....	7.45	7.45

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	94⅜	95⅜	93¾	94½	94⅜
Sept	92	92¾	91	91½	91¾
Dec	91	91⅝	90⅜	90¾	91
Corn—					
July	59	59	58¼	58⅝	59⅜
Sept	60	....	59¼	59¼	60¼
Dec	57½	....	57⅛	57⅜	57⅞
May	59	....	....	58⅜	59¼
Oats—					
July	37½	....	37	37¼	37⅝
Sept	36	....	35⅜	35⅝	36⅛
Dec	36⅝	....	36	36⅛	36½

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
July	1.02⅛	....	1.01	1.01¼	1.02

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	92⅞	93⅜	92⅜	92⅝	93¼
Sept	....	....	....	1.01½	91

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	....	1.05½
Sept	....	....	....	....	92⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	....	1.04½
Sept	....	....	....	....	92¾

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	22.00	22.12	21.90	21.97	21.90
Sept	21.67	21.75	21.45	21.50	21.55
Lard—					
July	12.35	12.37	....	12.25	12.30
Sept	12.27	12.30	....	12.15	12.20
Nov	11.60	11.70	....	11.65	11.65
Ribs—					
July	12.57	12.75	12.55	12.57	12.57
Sept	12.30	12.32	....	12.17	12.25

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, June 7.—Hog receipts were light and the market ruled strong. Cattle, sheep and lambs and veal calves remained steady.

Local live stock quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, $9.30@9.35; good mediums, $9.35@9.40; heavy yorkers, $9.45@9.50; light yorkers, $9.35@9.50; good mixed, $9.45@9.50; good pigs, $9.45@9.50; bulk of sales, $9.45@9.50; stags and roughs, $7.50@8.35.

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